

JOHN BULL

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1988

3rd
EVERY
THURSDAY

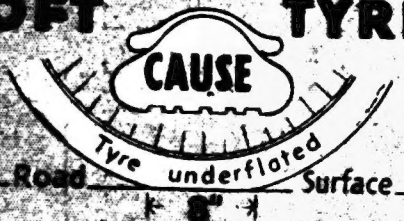
HOW
THE
SAPPERS
WON
GLORY

SWAFER
TALKING

TIME
IS
UP!
by A.E.G.



SOFT TYRES



Punctures -
Skidding -

Tyre Drag -
Rider exhaustion

Sluggish Steering
Buckled Wheels

Rapid Tread wear
Cracked outercovers

Broken Spokes
Damaged Rims

HARD TYRES



Responsive steering
Easier Pedalling

Damaged Valves;
Torn Inner Tubes

Safer Cycling
Longer Tyre Life

Tyre-Spread and
Consequent Road Drag

Wheel Distortion

Risk of picking up
Flints and Glass

Liability to Puncture
Skid & Side Slip

Therefore Keep your tyres hard
and enjoy trouble-free cycling

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Please
don't forget
the stoppers

when you
return
Bulmer
empties!

Bulmer's stoppers are made of precious rubber. Once lost they cannot be renewed. So please be *extra* careful to see that, when empty, Bulmer's Cider bottles are returned to your dealer with the stoppers screwed tightly in place. Besides conserving vital stocks of rubber, you will be helping us to maintain your supplies of Bulmers.



Bulmer's Cider

H. P. BULMER & CO. LTD., HEREFORD

*"Look!
MY SINK'S CLEAN
IN A JIFFY
now we are modern
with MIRRO!"*

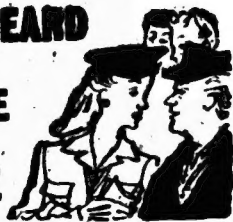
See how Mirro cuts through grease and dissolves sticky scum in seconds. It's the special detergent and dirt-absorbing satiny fineness of Mirro that does it. Get a 7d. giant canister of this "screen-sifted" non-scratch cleanser today.



GO MODERN WITH MIRRO
THE SAFE, SPEEDY CLEANSER

THOMAS HEDLEY & COMPANY LIMITED, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE

OVERHEARD IN THE QUEUE

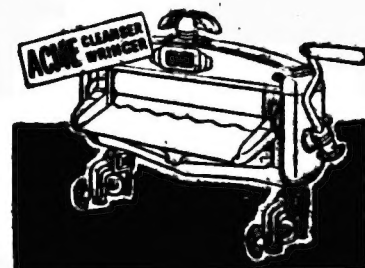


"... No, I don't mind the washing, but that wooden mangle I've had to put up with does take it out of me so —and out of the clothes!"

"That's where I'm lucky; I was able to find one of those lovely Acme's just in time—just before war broke out—and it's been doing overtime for the neighbours ever since!"

"Well, I was only saying to Jim the other day that if post-war planning gives everyone an Acme I'll be more interested in it. And won't I be thankful to see the back of mother's old-fashioned wooden-roller mangle."

* The Acme Cleanser Wringer does your flannel blankets as easily and as safely as your sheest undies—thanks to rubber rollers and Acme's patented "canister pressure."



LET ME BE YOUR FATHER

You need help and Fatherly advice in difficult times like these. I am in the position to give that to you free.



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Direct mail to:

DEPT. 31,
THE BENNETT COLLEGE,
SHEFFIELD.

A prize even in peace-time —this Chocolate Neapolitan Cake



HERE'S a real prize chocolate cake for a birthday or party. It looks every bit as good as peace-time, doesn't it?

INGREDIENTS: Plain Mixture: 2 oz. margarine; 2 oz. sugar; pinch bicarbonate soda; 4 oz. self-raising flour; 1 level tablespoon dried egg; 8 to 10 tablespoons warm water.

Chocolate Mixture: 2 oz. margarine; 2 oz. sugar; pinch bicarbonate soda; 4 oz. self-raising flour; 1 level tablespoon dried egg; 1 dessertspoon Rowntree's Cocoa; 8 to 10 tablespoons warm water.

METHOD: Plain Mixture: Slightly warm margarine and sugar. Add pinch of soda and beat. Add dried egg (dry) and beat well. Gradually pour on warm water, beating all the time. Fold in flour and bake in a flat tin 10 to 15 minutes in a moderate oven.

Chocolate Mixture: Use same method as for plain mixture, but sift flour and Rowntree's Cocoa together before folding into mixture.

When both cakes are baked, turn out and leave to cool. Spread each with chocolate filling and cut into four. Pile sections on top of one another, leaving a chocolate layer for the top. Ice with remaining filling and decorate, or leave plain.

Chocolate Filling: Melt 2 tablespoons sugar in 4 tablespoons hot water. Add 1 dessertspoon Rowntree's Cocoa and 2 tablespoons household milk (dry). Mix well. When quite smooth, the filling is ready for use.

IMPORTANT. So many meal-time drinks contain no nourishment at all! But Rowntree's Cocoa contains protein (body-building food); fat; carbohydrate, which gives energy (in the way sugar does); and iron for the blood. And Rowntree's Cocoa aids digestion. Make it your family's meal-time drink.

Rowntree's Cocoa

For economy's sake, get the 1-lb. family tin, price 1/6. (Half-lb. tin, 9d.; qtr.-lb. carton, 5d.)

FOOD FACTS

For quickly-made breakfast
and supper dishes...
the housewife's greatest
standby is Dried Eggs



No need to worry about what to have for breakfast or supper if you have dried eggs in the house! You can make delicious scrambled eggs, omelettes or pancakes—with the real new-laid flavour—in next to no time, and with the least possible trouble.

Take up your full ration of dried eggs and always keep a packet handy in the kitchen cupboard. They're a grand standby for the housewife in an emergency. The instructions here tell you how to get successful results. Cut them out for future reference!

How to reconstitute dried eggs

The main secret of success in cooking with dried eggs is to reconstitute them properly. This means simply putting back the water which has been taken away. Remember that one level tablespoon dried eggs mixed with two tablespoons water equals one egg. First beat out the lumps in the dried eggs against the side of the basin with a spoon. Then add only half the required amount of water and mix to a smooth paste with a spoon. Be sure there is not the tiniest lump left. Then add the rest of the water and mix very thoroughly.

Time taken at this stage, to get a smooth creamy liquid, is well repaid by results. Once the eggs are reconstituted they are ready to use like beaten-up shell eggs.

How to make an omelette

Reconstitute 2 eggs for one omelette, season and beat well. Melt half an ounce of fat in the frying-pan and let it get really hot. When it starts to smoke slightly, it's hot enough. Pour in the eggs quickly and, as the eggs cook, lift the edges from the side with a fork, letting the uncooked egg run underneath till all is set. Fold the omelette over away from the handle of pan, on to a hot plate.

How to make scrambled eggs

Scrambled eggs should be cooked slowly. Reconstitute 2 eggs, add seasoning and 2 tablespoons milk. Melt a knob of butter in a saucepan and pour in the egg mixture. Cook over a low heat. Stir occasionally, lifting the cooked egg from the bottom till all the mixture thickens. Serve immediately.

How to use dried eggs dry

When making batters, puddings, and plain cakes, mix the dried egg dry with the other ingredients, and add the necessary water with the other liquid.



LISTEN TO THE KITCHEN FRONT ON TUES., WED., THURS., & FRI. at 8.15 a.m.
THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 210



**"I'M SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION
Even behind my ears!"**

Even the grubbliest little tomboy enjoys an "all-over" wash with Palmolive—that rich velvety olive-oil lather is irresistible! And mothers encourage the Palmolive habit. They know it's the surest way to grow up "Schoolgirl Complexion"—from head to toe.

PALMOLIVE

4d. Including Tax



JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, July 22, 1944,
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true."



Straight from the Shoulder

TWO BATTLES

MONTGOMERY is not fighting now for Normandy, but for France. In the East, the Russians are fighting not for East Prussia, but for a way into Germany proper. The most decisive battles of the war have begun.

Into France

Montgomery may still have savage opposition to overcome as he breaks into the interior of France. By wearing down the enemy's strength in Normandy, however, he is reducing Rommel's potential. And, in the final analysis, that is all that matters.

On all counts we have a clear superiority. In men, in armour, in fire-power.

Cromwell in Action

If JOHN BULL revealed the extent of that superiority, you would be pleasantly surprised. The enemy might be unpleasantly astonished.

He has already had evidence of the excellent performance of the latest British tank. He knows by experience that our 17-pounder gun is more than a match for any of his tanks, even the Tiger. Let us leave him to discover other facts for himself!

Paris Next?

Certainly the British General Dempsey and the American General Bradley have proved themselves excellent tacticians. There is little doubt that they could enable Montgomery to enter Paris within a very few months.

It may be, however, that they have more ambitious aims in view.

Unrelenting Enemy

Their worst enemy so far has been the unseasonable weather. The Germans, for all their ferocious fighting, have been outclassed. And once we can bring all our forces into the battle, even the capture of Paris will seem of less importance than the destruction of Rommel's wearying troops, some of whom have had to walk from Toulouse to the battle area!

Measure of Confidence

As a measure of our confidence, this story is illuminating: The bridges we are erecting to replace

the broken ones across the French rivers are not temporary affairs. British Army masons are even completing them with decorative stone balustrades!

Spanning the Ruins

The port facilities of Cherbourg are rapidly being restored to working order.

When the full story can be told, this invasion of a continent will be seen as a masterpiece of ingenious foresight. And nothing now can reduce our assault to a stalemate.

Sweeping On

Nor will there be any holding of the Russians.

In the north, General Yeremenko is hurling his forces across Lithuania. He was the victor of Stalingrad, his last command was in the Crimea, and he has been quiet but not inactive since January. We should see the results of his months of planning within a few weeks.

Poland Next Stop

His Armenian colleague, General Ivan Bagramyan, is advancing a little to the south. We may expect him to swerve away from the Lithuanian capital of Kovno and move along the railway into East Prussia.

Farther south again is the Ukrainian General Ivan Chernyakhovsky. His goal, too, is clear. He will drive through the centre of Poland to the German frontier. And Marshal Zhukov, from his base around the Pripiet Marshes, is not likely to be left out of the running!

Model No Model

Marshal Model has been appointed to withstand their drive. He is the German who stemmed the Russian offensive in 1942.

Now he has an impossible task. He is confronted by a two-to-one superiority in divisions; he is at an even greater disadvantage in the matter of tanks, artillery and aircraft. In these circumstances he is hardly likely to prove a model of "offensive defence."

Alexander's Choice

In Italy, Alexander is within sight of the end of Kesselring's resistance, and therefore of the beginning of another campaign.

He will surely be given ample opportunity to win fresh glory. Just where may be left to the enemy to guess.

Silent Fuehrer

Faced with these immense dangers, Hitler remains studiously silent. Great event succeeds great event, and still he offers no word of comfort to his people.

He has done no more than address a few private words to his armament makers, and then only to urge them to greater endeavours.

Neutral countries are buzzing with comment; but, after all, what can he say?

Weak Spot

Obviously he can offer no hope of success. He dare not admit that his second-line regiments—the men aged between thirty and forty—have no stomach for a futile fight to the death. He cannot pretend that his military supplies are unaffected by Allied bombing. And he could hardly expose to public gaze his Heel of Achilles—oil.

Another Shortage

There is, moreover, reason to suppose that the German armies in Normandy are being rationed with ammunition. We may presume that the Nazis on the Eastern Front are similarly restricted.

Sinking Sun

Across the world, the capture of Saipan marks another phase in the eclipse of the Rising Sun of Japan.

Casualties are becoming heavy on both sides. But well-informed authorities in both London and Washington agree that the Far Eastern cyclone may end much sooner than they had once dared to expect.

Wholesome?

Until we clear the Germans not only from France but from the Low Countries, however, Britain must remain a battlefield: the flying bomb is a reminder of how close to our shores the enemy is still entrenched.

According to one prelate, indeed, it is a "wholesome" reminder.

Stars for All

But few of us, surely, will agree with Mr. Edgar Granville's suggestion of a "1939-44 Star" for every bombed Briton.

The greater the number of awards, the less respect they command. Already so many new medals have been mooted that it would probably be simpler to give one to every man and woman in the country.

DOWN WITH WAGES!

● After the war, we warned you long ago, an attempt will probably be made to beat down the workers' wages.

Is that campaign already beginning?

Lord Brocket, chairman of the Land Union, doubts whether in future we shall be able to sell our goods cheaply enough abroad.

And he goes on to admit that it seems impossible to escape high taxation, which naturally increases the price of goods.

"Even before the war," he says, "a British worker earning £4 a week paid in taxation no less than 12s. a week, whereas skilled native workers in India are content to live on £3 a month."

He might also have pointed out that the head man on an Italian farm has to make do with 30s. a month.

But we can assure Lord Brocket that the British worker will never be "content" with 30s., 60s. a month, or twice as much again. Even the Land Union should have learned by now that the days of feudal landlordism and serf labour are past.

Pension Refused

Lady Apsley is on firmer ground in pleading for more generous pension awards. She quotes the case of a boy who died for the Navy. His mother was refused a pension, though had he been killed at home she would have received compensation.

Sir Walter Womersley has been described as a humane Minister of Pensions. He could heighten his reputation by decreeing that parents need not be destitute in order to be pensionable.

Still Falling

Coal remains an equally dismal topic. A White Paper discloses how dangerously low the industry's manpower has fallen and how inadequate is the rate of production.

There is one other revelation: 3,000,000 tons were drawn from reserves last year to meet the current demands. There is no hint of the present size of those reserve stocks, but we can guess that it is quite inadequate. Major Lloyd George has probably the most difficult task of any Minister.

Ten-Year Houses

Lord Portal has come under fire. Critics point out that the housing shortage is hardly likely to be solved in less than twenty years, whereas his steel houses are designed for only ten years' life.

They will be useless, therefore, when we are still cursed with rural houses that lack sanitation, and town houses that will still be overcrowded.

This is a further reason for expediting a policy of building good and comfortable brick houses with the utmost possible speed.

Subsidy for Them

The Government's readiness to grant a subsidy for house construction should focus attention on one all-important factor.

The cost of building materials must be controlled with the utmost rigour. There must be no opportunity for any "ring" to hold the building trade to ransom and reap fantastic profits from the nation's need!

(Continued overleaf)

FLYING BOMB BATTLE "MAY BE SOMEWHAT LENGTHY."—says Mr. CHURCHILL

"JOHN BULL" offers free to every civilian reader—including Fire Watchers, Home Guards, Police, N.F.S., Wardens, etc.

Underwritten
at LLOYD'S

A FREE AIR RAID
INSURANCE POLICY

Readers who have not already registered can obtain the necessary Registration Forms from "John Bull's" Insurance Dept., 128, Long Acre, W.C.2.

Straight from the Shoulder—continued from preceding page

SOUTHERN ENGLAND has been hardest hit again, but pilotless planes have had nothing to do with it. The latest road casualty figures are out—a total of 12,144 killed and injured in May.

That's over 1,300 higher than the casualty figure the Prime Minister gave in his flying-bomb statement.

More Campaigning

Two hundred more people were killed than in May a year ago and the greater part of the increase fell on Southern England. The great rush of military traffic is largely responsible.

The Minister of War Transport is right in asking road users to keep off the military routes as much as possible. Even more useful would be a fresh campaign emphasising that vehicles are more dangerous than V.l.s.

From the Bench

"If you're so short-staffed that you cannot comply with the law you should not carry on your business." How correct was that suggestion from the chairman when Mrs. Marjorie Bray was fined £10 by the Paignton Bench for a breach of the food regulations at her café. How correct and how priggish.

Carrying On

Mrs. Bray is the wife of a serving soldier who's in Burma. She has four young children and has been trying to keep her home and her husband's future livelihood going until he gets back. We are glad to hear the British Legion is not going to let the magistrate's remark go without comment.

Not Their Job

Incidentally, far too many magistrates are using the courts to deliver little lectures these days. We'd like to hear from readers if they come across cases where members of local benches indulge in dissertations on ethics and morals instead of getting on with their job of administering the law.

Little to Do

We're very pleased to see, by the way, that members of the self-appointed "Morality Patrol" at Woodbridge, Suffolk, have found very little opportunity of saving local girls from themselves.

Perhaps it would be as well if these highly moral and good-living ladies now left any protection that might be necessary to the local police. We have never found the police authorities unable to tackle this sort of thing, either at Woodbridge or anywhere else.

Frank Start

Congratulations to Lieutenant Commander W. H. Macey, the newly-appointed Senior Fire Guard Officer for the Western Ward of Plymstock, Devon. According to the local paper, he told a meeting of the Fire Guard party leaders that he'd been asked to apply for the post and had been given the job though he knew nothing about the work.

He appealed to the area and sector captains and party leaders for all the help they could give him. Such frankness is likely to get results. Only a little better, perhaps, would have been a knowledge of the job.

Money Back?

The ban on water hoses for garden supply has raised an argument between one of our readers and the Metropolitan Water Board. This reader, who had

paid 12s. 6d. for his year's garden supply, asked for the money back when the ban was imposed.

Met Half Way

The Water Board replied that he had incurred liability because he hadn't given notice of discontinuance in time. They were prepared to knock off 6s. 3d. Our correspondent is not satisfied with this and has said so. As the matter must concern many thousands we shall watch the argument with interest.

For the Few

"Safe from Flying Bombs," said a Sunday paper advertisement for a Georgian residence with eight bedrooms, stabling, vinery and greenhouse. Whoever is fortunate and prosperous enough to acquire this retreat will perhaps spare a thought for the thousands of mothers who've found it difficult enough to get a single bedroom in the overcrowded North.

Out of the Struggle

Talking about crowding, Paddington has probably been one of the busiest stations in the world just lately. Elderly people and invalids have gone there in terror. Only to find that the authorities, with fine foresight, have had special arrangements ready.

A man we know was unable to see his seventy-five-year-old mother off on the 4.15 to Bristol. He was delighted to hear next day that she'd travelled in comfort. Two coaches had been set aside for the people who could not stand up to the struggle for a seat.

That Bar Again

When the Prime Minister praised the Americans for the way in which they were sharing our wartime trials, he made no distinction between white and coloured troops. Why, then, are we constantly hearing of local authorities who recognise the colour bar?

A reception centre has been opened in Silver Street, Lincoln. When they announced this, the Lincoln Civil Defence Emergency Committee said there would be accommodation for any genuinely stranded British or Allied Forces *except* coloured troops.



Marshal Tito finds Jones a pillar of strength

But they heard of him when, this year, the Germans offered a high price for his head, and Mr. Anthony Eden told the House of Commons that a certain Major Jones, an officer of Britain's Black Watch, had been lent to Marshal Tito.

Mr. Jones's missing eye, which the brass hats had cited as a bar to war service, was lost in World War 1, when its owner, then serving in the Canadian Black Watch, won the D.C.M. twice and an unusual reputation.

For Mr. Jones was known as the soldier who not only spent much time

And the Brass-Hats Turned Him Down!

IT all began when the Canadian brass-hats told grey-haired Mr. Jones that he was much too old to be a soldier—not to mention the fact that he had only one eye—and would he please go away.

Mr. Jones was cross. The brass-hats saw him no more.

reading the Bible he invariably carried with him, but who drank nothing stronger than water and was visibly embarrassed by the mildest swear-word.

What sort of a picture does that give you?

Does it seem to fit the man who, when the Black Watch were sampling, hell one night, was discovered with his head bowed in his hands in order to conceal an empty eye-socket which he feared would result in his being ordered out of the line?

Does it fit the holder of a double D.C.M.?

It will have to, for that is Mr. Jones. And what of his history between the wars?

It is a plain story of unpaid Christian work, the organising of social and educational centres, the forming of troops of Boy Scouts, getting married, and preaching as a missionary.

But now Mr. Jones is getting under the hides of the Nazis in Yugoslavia.

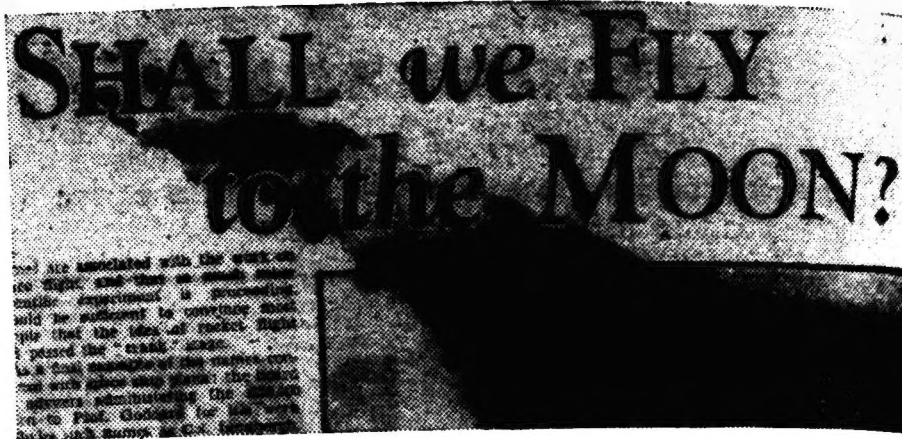
He went there by air from the Middle East—a journey representing the last rung of a ladder of which three others were demolition workers in England in the 1940 "blitz," a commission in the R.A.F., and a commission in the Army.

It was his old friends of the R.A.F. who flew him over the mountains into

bomb. He was a registered reader of JOHN BULL, and his widow has written to thank us for the prompt cheque under our Free Air Raid Insurance Scheme.

What About You?

You know the details of the scheme! JOHN BULL offers free to every reader an insurance policy, underwritten at Lloyd's, against air raids, gas attacks, invasion and bombardment. If you're not yet registered, you can obtain registration forms if you apply to JOHN BULL's Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.



JOHN BULL SAID IT:

● In 1937 we published an article, "Shall we Fly to the Moon?" dealing with the rapid strides being made in rocket development. We said: "If you laugh at all this, remember the people who laughed at the early aeroplane."

In 1944 the Prime Minister has warned Parliament: "Will the rocket bomb come? Will improved explosives come? Will greater ranges, faster speeds and larger warheads come upon us? I can give no guarantee that any of these evils will be entirely prevented before the time comes when the soil from which these attacks are launched will be finally liberated from the enemy's grip."

A presumed rocket installation captured near Cherbourg, is shown below.



Helping Hand

In contrast, a coloured soldier arrived at Lincoln Station the other evening and asked his way of some English soldiers. He was laden with kit. The soldiers took some of it and carried it for him up the High Street to his destination. Lincoln Councillors, please note.

Prompt Help

Mr. George Jones (Registered Reader 485557) had just left his air raid shelter to get ready for work when he was instantly killed by blast from a flying

the sky above Yugoslavia. Then, carefully closing his Bible and tucking it securely into his pocket, Mr. Jones said *au revoir* to the boys and stepped out into thin air.

Shortly afterwards, Marshal Tito's army had acquired a legend about the officer who read the Bible and off whose skin bullets bounced. How else, they would ask, waving their arms excitedly, could he come out of all those tight corners?

Tight corners which Mr. Jones, being a modest man, cannot be prevailed upon to specify.

But you can visualise them when you learn that one of his specialities is the posting of proclamations calling on the populace of Nazi strongholds to revolt and liquidate their jack-booted oppressors.

Proclamations posted inside the Nazi strongholds.

Proclamations hung on the walls of the Nazi officers' own private rooms!

And all this, mark you, in addition to organising a most effective system of getting supplies to Marshal Tito's army.

Yes, Mr. Jones, turned down by the brass hats in Canada, bids fair to become an enduring legend in Yugoslavia.

PATRICK SPENCE

TELL GERMANY

IN Cherbourg was a powerful German garrison. It possessed a great store of arms and equipment. It could have withstood a long and costly siege. Our commanders expected it to fight to the death.

Yet, after a few days' intensive attack, it was induced to surrender by a rain of leaflets and the blandishments roared from a loudspeaker van.

We should be foolish to infer from this incident that the heart of the German soldier has fallen into his boots.

But it would be still more stupid to believe that he cannot be persuaded to listen to reason—and thereby save us trouble and casualties.

Hitherto we have underestimated the power of persuasion. We have lost great opportunities of using one of the strongest weapons in our armoury.

When we landed in Italy, little effort was made to enlist the sympathy and support of the Italian people. In consequence, the people were apathetic.

Then, with dramatic suddenness, the situation changed. General Alexander broadcast an appeal and an assurance.

Apathy became enthusiasm. Suspicion was succeeded by comradeship.

To-day, Alexander's brilliant campaign is being assisted behind the enemy lines by hundreds of thousands of Italians.

They are sabotaging German transport, sniping at German troops, hurling bombs at German offices.

It may be objected that the nation tricked and

deluded by Mussolini was never so fiercely anti-Allied as the young men poisoned by Hitler's gospel of hate.

But so many of Hitler's young soldiers have found a burial place in the immensity of Russia. And their survivors have seen proof enough, in this last cataclysmic year, that the German army is no longer invincible, and that it is now struggling from one disaster to another.

So the Cherbourg garrison could be talked into throwing down its arms. So dozens of German generals are not showing much reluctance to give themselves up. And so throughout the Reich is spreading the realisation that a Nazi triumph is no longer possible.

There are serious divisions in the first rank of Nazi leaders and Junker generals. The German people are war-weary and dismayed.

They are so fearful of Allied reprisals that their official spokesmen have had to hint that they will suspend the flying-bomb attacks on Britain if we will suspend the strategic bombing of Germany.

The Allies will not indulge in reprisals; nor shall we cease to destroy German oil stocks and transport centres so long as the German army is willing to battle.

But we can tell Germany that all bombing will end if she admits that further resistance would be futile, and if we convince her troops that the example of their Cherbourg comrades was wise and logical.

Let us now make war with militant propaganda as well as military weapons.

WITHOUT FEAR
OR FAVOUR



By THE EDITOR

After the War

● Only a few power-hungry officials want Britain to be fettered by bureaucracy after the war. Only a few grab-and-run speculators wish to return to the old days of economic anarchy.

The majority of us are anxious that purely war time restrictions on our liberty shall be swept away as quickly as possible—but that the State should continue to control supplies and services by which prosperity may be restored.

Reasonable people differ only on the extent to which that control should be exercised.

Just now there is an agitation to remove State control of the land.

We are told that farmers are heavily burdened. They are said to be harassed by "endless committees with never-ending powers and innumerable officials." And it is argued that the officials merely waste the farmers' time.

Now, JOHN BULL has no love for officials who invent intricate but needless forms for busy men to fill up.

And we suspect that some of the farmers evicted because of alleged incompetence could have been taught to be efficient.

But there is another side of the rural scene. The committees which are said to be harassing the farmers are mainly composed of farmers.

They are men as unlike the conventional caricature of a Whitehall busybody as a mangold is unlike a lily; men who know every acre of land in their district and have a shrewd idea of the crops which suit it best.

And even the people who now are pouring scorn on the committees' heads have to admit that the food output of Britain's farms has increased by about two-thirds since those committees were established!

Tribute, high tribute, must be paid to all who have helped towards this astonishing achievement—farmers, farm workers, Land Army girls and voluntary workers.

But organisation has also played its part—the organisation by which the land has been planned, equipment pooled, fertilisers and other necessities made available.

Would it be wise to scrap this organisation

directly the war ends, and when it will still be necessary for this land of ours to grow all the food of which it is capable?

Again, in order to win this war the Government has found it necessary to control our transport. Private enterprise could not have performed the job of conveying the mountains of war supplies—any more than private enterprise without State organisation and control could have produced those war supplies.

Shall we scrap State control of transport at the very time when the immense task of rebuilding Britain must be begun? Or should we not rather remould our transport services so that there shall be neither futile restrictions nor the waste arising from reckless competition?

And what of the mines? After electricity and water power? And all the other essential services? Are they to be left to private exploitation and private whims?

JOHN BULL believes that, since they exist to serve the public, the public should control them.

Skunks

● Even in that warm-hearted county, Yorkshire, some people have refused to open their doors to child refugees from the flying bomb.

In Blackpool, mothers from London have had to walk the streets with their babies in their arms because landladies would not allow them in the billets between breakfast and bedtime.

At Knutsford, in Cheshire, "about half" the number of householders are making excuses to avoid giving shelter to the child victims of Nazi terrorism. Such people sin against the unwritten code of fellowship. There are others who break the written law of citizenship.

Men who steal the letters and parcels addressed to our Servicemen overseas. Men who even stole the invasion rations of the lads setting off for Normandy.

And men who are nowadays setting up as furniture dealers on the strength of the goods they loot from bombed houses!

There are some pretty poor specimens of humanity in every nation. And both the churlish and the criminal species we have mentioned can be described by one brief unpleasant word:

Skunks!

When They Cross The Border

HOW will the Germans react to the news that the Red Army has entered East Prussia?

Will it engender panic and despair and hasten the final collapse and surrender?

Or will it make them pull themselves together for a last, desperate and fanatical stand?

Hitler and his chief associates are already trying to rouse German patriotism by the cry: "The Fatherland is in peril!"

Will they succeed?

I think a "Backs to the wall!" appeal will rally parts of the German nation, but only for a short while.

Convinced Nazis—particularly the S.S., the militant members of the Nazi Party and their families—who have everything to fear and to lose from defeat will respond with grim determination and even tighten their cruel grip on the rest of the population.

Many young people—not all, for there have been unmistakable signs of war-weariness and defeatism among some of them in recent months—are likely to be stirred up.

But as to the bulk of the German people I expect only a desperate reaction in those Eastern provinces which are the most immediately threatened by invasion, and later by annexation. Nazi propaganda has been lately very active in telling the Germans about the probable fate of East Prussia, Pomerania and Silesia after Hitler's defeat.

In Eastern Germany there is a genuine and traditional fear of the Russians which is much older than Bolshevism.

In Czarist times the ordinary people, peasants and workers, had an even greater fear of "the Cossacks" than the Junkers who were closely linked by family ties and interests with the Russian aristocrats.

Nowadays, of course, the Junkers know they have everything to fear from the "Bolsheviks." But the peasants and many workers, too, are scared by the prospects of invasion from the East. The widespread knowledge of the atrocities committed by Hitler's armies in Russia and Poland makes them dread Russian revenge.

But I don't think Nazi propaganda will be so successful in other parts of Germany, say from Berlin westwards.

Indeed, I anticipate that large sections of the population, especially in the industrial centres which have suffered heavily from Allied air raids, will pray for an end at any price, knowing that the war is already lost.

Their main hope will be that the advancing forces of the Western Allies may be there in time to protect them against invasion and occupation by the Red Army.

And, realising that Germany has nothing to gain from a prolonged resistance, the people in the Rhineland, Hamburg, Baden, Wurtemberg, Bavaria or Thuringia are not likely to care very much about the fate of the Eastern provinces.

Whether a patriotic reaction would not come later is another and serious problem, but it is not relevant to the question I have been discussing here.

To sum up: When the Russians cross the border, there will be a last and almost general rise of patriotic fever in those German provinces whose fate is directly at stake, while in the other parts of Germany only a minority of dyed-in-the-wool Nazis will respond to Hitler's call.

VICTOR SCHIFF.

Mr. Justice BIRKETT, Royal Courts of Justice

MY LORD.—Upholding, as you do, the dignity and austere decorum of the law, you are yet sufficiently human to appreciate the cruelties which the law, in its remorseless way, inflicts on people already suffering terrible anguish.

When, at Birmingham Assizes, you bound over Mrs. Florence Owen for trying to murder her two-year-old son, suffering from an incurable disease, you told her: "You have suffered greatly, and it is quite unthinkable that I should add to that suffering even in the smallest degree."

In effect, your words were a protest against the ghastly procedure of the law. A mother, demented by the sight of a baby destined never to attain manhood, seeks to end that misery.

Few men appreciate the burdens of motherhood, or weigh in the balance the mental stress that comes of tending a hopelessly suffering child.

For that reason the mothers of Britain will give thanks for the British judges who are no strangers to compassion.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. BERNARD O'REILLY,

Kilkee, Co. Clare, Eire

DEAR MR. O'REILLY.—To decide between love and loyalty is not easy. When your son, John, the Irish Haw-Haw from Berlin, escaped from Dublin Military Prison and sought refuge with you, the problem you had to solve was whether or not you should report his whereabouts to the Civic Guard.

You didn't hesitate. In ten minutes your son was again in police custody.

Duty is a hard taskmistress, especially when it clashes violently with other emotions.

Your son, despite his anti-British activities, and the way in which he has brought infamy to the name you have honoured and served, is still your son.

Quite a number of fathers, faced with the dilemma you had to meet, would have forgotten the finer loyalties and sheltered the renegade son.

The people of Britain, ever conscious of the splendid part being played in the Forces of Freedom by Ireland's fighting sons, will appreciate your action.

It is typical of the sympathy which so many of your fellow-countrymen have for the cause of the United Nations.—JOHN BULL.

Major T. C. DUGDALE,

Chairman, Conservative Party Organisation

DEAR MAJOR DUGDALE.—I wonder what really is behind your Party's decision to establish a Young Conservative movement which will take the place of the Junior Imperial League.

You plan a movement enjoying a wide measure of independence in thought and action, both at headquarters and locally; and you limit membership to those from fifteen to thirty (rather old youths at this latter age, aren't they?).

Are you worried a little about the swing of the fighting youth of Britain towards an enlightened and somewhat revolutionary ideology so far as the New Britain is concerned?

Or have you at long last realised that age has governed your Party in the past not too well, and certainly not wisely?

These considerations apart, I still suggest that the well-being of youth of the nation is not served by such Party moves.

The danger of instilling into the minds of young men the dogma of one political Party is so obvious that I refrain from pointing it out.

Youth, I maintain, must choose its own path. It must study and weigh up the programmes of all Parties and must select that policy which appeals.

A regimental youth lacks breadth of mind and the inability to think for itself. In Europe to-day we have the awful example of young Nazi fanatics fighting blindly for an evil thing.

A far-fetched comparison, but not without a grain of sense.—JOHN BULL.

OPEN LETTERS

Dr. JOSEF GOEBBELS,

German Propaganda Minister

HERR DOKTOR.—Before the war when your Fifth Columns were actively engaged in sowing the seeds of discord and disruption throughout Europe; and in the early days of the war when your propagandist machine was plugging the world with the invincible power of Germany, you gained the reputation of being the most effective and most crafty of all publicists.

No one will quarrel with that assessment.

The Third Reich, it seemed, was a certain winner, and Europe doomed to a thousand intolerable years of slavery and persecution.

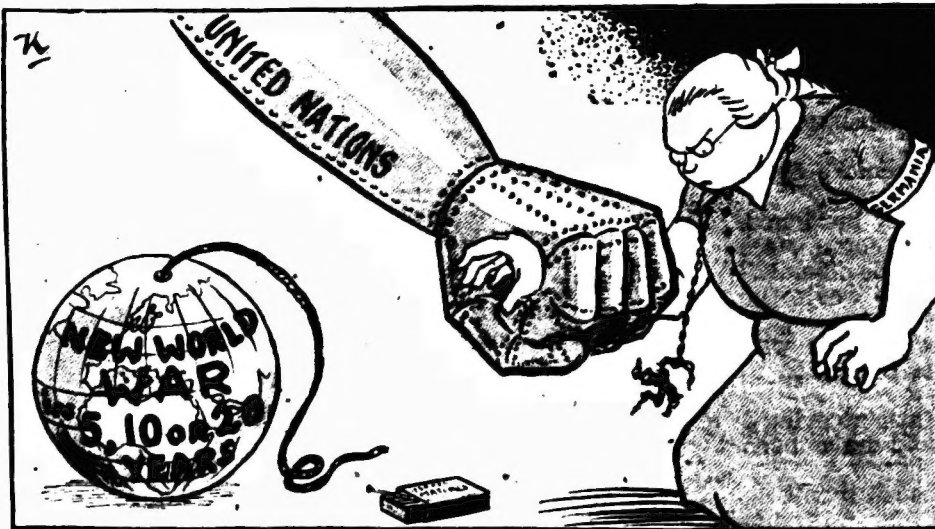
But since those days many millions of words, written and spoken, have bridged continents.

Despite your shattering trumpets, your cunning distortion of truth, your desperate efforts to keep alive in the hearts of Germans the dying flames of hope, you know you have lost. You know that the chance of Germany being allowed to fight again is as remote as is your personal chance of escaping retribution.

You played up the flying bomb as a propaganda trump card. Another failure. Your days as propagandist No. 1 are over. The truth is submerging you—a triple-pronged truth whose heralds are in Russia, in Italy, and in France.

Soon your voice will be heard no more. The machine you forged and worked so efficiently will be smashed.

And all your last-minute endeavours to save something, however small, from the wreckage of your ill-begotten Party will be futile. Auf wiedersehen, Herr Doktor.—JOHN BULL.

The Rev. B. D. GODFREY,
Blundeston (Suffolk) Housing Committee

DEAR SIR.—I'm all for helping you "to create a rumpus" over the four farm-workers' cottages erected in your area at a cost of £1,300 each.

Because of this high cost, the rents of the cottages are to be fixed at 17s. 7d. a week—an economic figure which is really beyond the means of the workers for whose use they are built.

You call the whole thing a "scandal."

So do I. Prefabricated houses, useful homes, cost less than half the price of the cottages built in your area.

Before the war a well-built villa with a good garden in a residential area near London could be bought for less than the cost of each of your cottages.

Don't think I am primarily concerned with the cost.

The farm workers who in the past have often been housed worse than the animals they tend have as much right to live in comfort and in sanitary conditions as anyone else.

The Blundeston "rumpus" will, I hope, create sufficient noise to attract the attention of those whose job it is, or should be, to see that homes for the lower paid workers are available at a figure within their means.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Col. LLEWELLIN, Minister of Food

DEAR COL. LLEWELLIN.—Here we are approaching the end of five years of war and you give us a bacon bonus—six ounces a week instead of four!

This is big news. Not because the slender breakfast rasher becomes appreciably thicker, but because it is a measure of the magnificent work of your Ministry and the Merchant Navy.

Our enemies are pulling in their belts. They aren't starving—yet—but they are on uncommonly short commons, and they are having increasing difficulty in staving off hunger.

We have had our lean times. Now we're to have a little of the fat. Well, Mr. Minister, we've earned it.

The nation co-operated with Lord Woolton and with you, accepted shortages, queues, coupons and points, and decided to make a go of it.

What magnificent propaganda this is! What a significant pointer to the U-boats' failure to starve us out! And what a smack in the eye for the hungry Germans.—JOHN BULL.

P.S.—You couldn't manage a couple of eggs to go with the extra rasher, could you?

Is Porridge the
Best Recipe?

ARGUE IT OUT—By PALLAS

THERE are many recipes for longevity, some fatuous, some based on common-sense. Among the latter sort I would place high a contented mind, for I am convinced that nothing ages man or woman so quickly as cares and worries.

From the mind spring most of the ills we long-suffering mortals are heir to. Emotional reaction can destroy appetite and, if prolonged, can lead to serious physical disorders.

★ ★ ★

But I digress. I really wished to discuss the case of Mr. G. Wilson, of Ravenshill, Lockerbie, Dumfriesshire.

An octogenarian, and wishing to praise farm fare and to show the longevity of his family, he proposes to carve on a tombstone in Dryfedale Cemetery an inscription reading:

"Farm Fare—Porridge and Milk (Skim). A.M. and P.M. Eggs at Easter, no oranges, tomatoes and vitamins . . . etc."

Hardly fare this for our Woolton-trained stomachs, let alone Lucullus. And the very thought of porridge and milk (skim) morning and night sends convulsive shudders through a system already injured to war time bread, spam, powdered milk, reconstituted eggs and frozen cod.

The diet mentioned by Mr. Wilson proves conclusively that in some cases food has nothing to do with longevity.

Many a healthy man in middle age, having achieved some measure of worldly success, and the financial means to keep a good table, looks back occasionally with regret to the days of his childhood when the staple meal was fish-and-chips bought at the corner shop.

The incidence of indigestion to-day is greater than it was. This is not due to war time food. Lord Woolton and his successor, Col. Llewellyn, have fed us well and carefully and have virtually ended malnutrition.

★ ★ ★

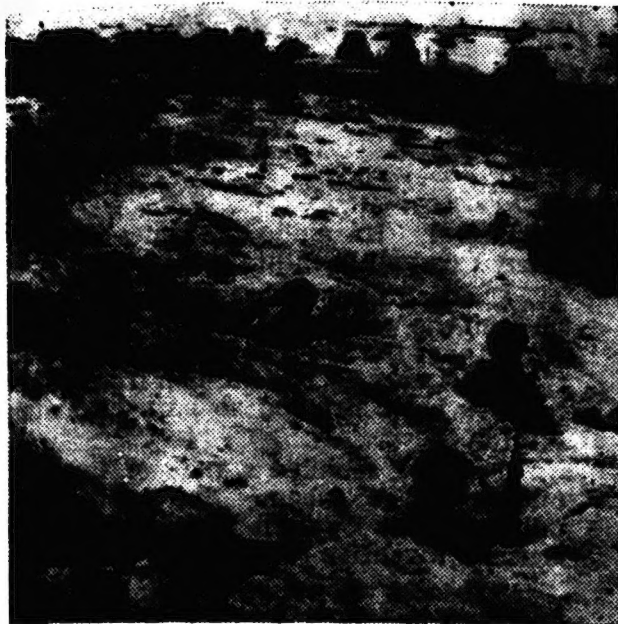
Anxiety, worry, brooding—all play their devastating part in upsetting the normal functions of the body. Money matters, doodle-bugs, sons and daughters in the Services, the whole dreary, terrible burden of war upset the mind, kill harmony spirit, and in turn react on the body.

Mr. Wilson may think the Wilsons owe their years to porridge. I take the liberty of disagreeing with him. I'm sure the Wilsons are even-minded, common-sense people who refuse to be worried or bludgeoned by the cares of life and living.

That's the recipe for longevity.

How the Sappers Won Glory

JOHN CASHEL tells one of the War's Great Stories



After the do-or-die sappers had cleared the beaches, the men were able to dig themselves in

NO stickler job ever faced the sappers than the clearing of under-water obstacles from the Invasion beaches.

Hitler thought these devices one of his surprises, but they didn't astonish the sappers who had been hand-picked to deal with them. For months they'd known about them, seen some of them, received special training to deal with them.

British and American Intelligence services had worked fast, and what they learned and how the sappers profited from it had much to do with the amazing lightness of the first fortnight's Normandy casualties.

Let me tell you the story of one man, one company, one beach. It happened to be a British beach before Caen, and twenty minutes after the first landing in France was zero hour for Sapper F. Pitt, Royal Engineers, a Londoner from Catford, and his company.

Threat of Mines

Precisely at that time the tide should have been running in, though still not at the high mark, for the landing craft to get in and the sappers not be in too deep water for their job.

But providence was not on the side of the sappers that D-Day dawn.

The morning was warm and the water pleasantly cool; the tide, however, was running too fast and a rising wind whipped up a heavy swell that crashed over the devilish under-water devices and threatened to heave on to their mined horns men and boats alike.

Sapper Pitt and his pals sang: "Rommel, here we come!" It kept their minds off the lethal lullaby of the swell, the shells "dropping around like peas," the bullets whining above the wind.

There came an awful crack and crunching. An assault-troop craft, taking a plunge backward, had jammed the landing ramp of their boat, so that the ramp wouldn't go down to allow them to walk according to schedule into the beach water.

Still Cheerful

They had to clamber up the jammed ramp and climb over, a tempting target for snipers as man after man jumped gingerly into the breakers in fear of landing on one of the explosive obstacles.

Wading to the dry sand, they got one sniper just in front of them before settling down to a four-hours-and-more obstacle race, the like of which had never before been seen.

Throughout the hours heavy enemy shells came over, enveloping the sappers in fountains of splintering foam. Some did the sappers' job for them, by blow-

ing up the enemy's own obstacles till it was hard to tell what was exploding, shells or mines or both.

When bursts came, Sapper Pitt ducked under the water for what slight protection that offered and had hardly time to notice that some of the party who did the same didn't appear to come up again.

"We had to work fast," he explained.

Their special under-water kit kept the wet out a bit, and they wore their explosives in bags slung round their necks as children carry school bags.

As they waded they felt for obstacles with their hands, probing slowly beneath the surface for the touch of anything hard.

Some mines they could faintly see in the fast tidal water, but that was seldom.

Their one advantage was knowing what to expect... 8 ft. long wooden piles driven deep at an angle into the sand, rising a foot or two above it, and pointing seaward so that the first thing an incoming craft would hit would be a mine attached to the top of an obstacle.

A Tellar mine, capable of putting a good-sized boat out of action!

The sappers noosed a rope round some as they do on land, got a safe distance away and pulled them. On others they fastened their explosives and blew them up, piles and all.

Piles that didn't yield to this treatment or those from which mines were pulled, bulldozers tore from their sockets and dragged away.

Sapper Pitt and his pals had their toughest time when working about 50 yds. out with the water up to their necks, for at this depth they couldn't see the hidden death beneath.

The swell constantly swept them off their feet, threatening to hurl them against the invisible mined-piles.

This sensation of riding the swell, so familiar and pleasant to beach bathers, was even worse than the continual crash of shrieking shells.

One landing craft blew up and the debris engulfed them.

Dead and wounded were borne to the dry sand, where, as the four hours dragged on, the mounting casualties among the gallant sapper band were collected.

No braver men have fought in this war—and their experiences will serve as a life-saving guide to any who follow after.

Heights of Courage

There facts should not be glossed over. They are an unsurpassed Page of Sapper Glory and their telling helps to convey to what heights human courage can rise.

It takes some guts to see your pals washed up like pebbles on the beach when you're up to your own neck in water expecting any moment to be blown up likewise, and yet to "let cheerfulness creep in."

Amid the muck of it all, as Sapper Pitt will vouch, one chap asked: "Anybody got any whisky?" as he caught a mouthful of salt water.

And another: "Who's got any fags?" "Coming over, chum," answered his next pile neighbour, as he produced a packet from a pocket somewhere below the water line.

The cigarettes were as wet as the matches they tried to light them with; but if they didn't get a smoke they got a laugh which did everybody good.

After their four-hour ordeal that morning, they sought a breather behind a knocked-out tank and the debris of wrecked landing craft driven on to the sand, a relative respite as the enemy fire continued.

"Keep your eyes open on where you're treading," a lieutenant of their party at first kept warning them; though it was soon confirmed that one of the enemy's "surprises" was to have few mines, booby-traps and little barbed-wire in their usual place on the upper-beach.

Sapper Pitt prodded the dry sand for

mines and booby-traps with a detector and a stick of metal, but never found one and heard of few who did. The Beach Commander, a Naval officer, was soon shouting the assurance, "Beach O.K."

Away over the beach-top, Flail-tanks, the mass clearers then still on the secret list, were with their mine-destroying chains opening up paths along which men and machines could advance.

Then, as afternoon came and the Flails swept inland, Sapper Pitt and his dwindled company went to sea again. The obstacle race was on once more as the receding tide revealed obstacles farther out.

Best of this for the sappers was their not being neck high in water. Worst, that as they waded far out and blew the piles they became perfect targets for heavy guns which got "a bead" dead on them.

They stuck it till ordered to make a dash back for it.

Sapper Pitt hadn't got far when a terrific splash behind him shot shrapnel into his shoulder and back—"My first lot," as he later called it.

He saw bending over him a sturdy chap of his company, Corporal Bill Braw, and he hopes that Bill Braw and his family will read this.

Not Many Left

Bill dragged him along in the surf through that splintering hell, when a second shell burst close to them and gave Sapper Pitt his second packet in the back.

His eyesight grew dim and the beach appeared rather hazy; which, as he glanced around, may explain why "there didn't seem to be many of our chaps left."

But he saw Bill Braw all right, and Bill got him to the dry sand and safety.

There, in the words of Sapper Pitt, "Somebody else took over." They always do.

But this article modestly attempts only to catch a glimmer of the spirit and glory of one man, one company. Those who went before!

Millions of People Missed a Fortune

JUST over ten years ago the Dionne Quins were born in Callendar—five little babies assured of fame and fortune. But nobody goes to Callendar to see the Quins to-day. The paint is peeling off the souvenir pavilions.

Instead, all the traffic turns off the road to Eau Claire.

★ ★ ★

A few years back, when they were out on one of their walks, the Quins picked up some mica chips, but no one paid any attention. They were only scraps of "black glass," the stuff that littered the district and ruined the water in the wells.

250,000,000 people visited the district to see the Quins in five years, crushing over the mica quartz—and they all missed a fortune.

For where there was black mica there also was white mica—muscovite—worth upwards of 30s. a pound, a mineral with such unique insulating qualities that it helps planes to fly and motors to turn and goes into nearly every item of electrical equipment on every battlefield of war.

Every time you switch on the light or click the radio, every time you have an X-ray, you're using mica. And Eau

Claire, starting from scratch in 1941, is now producing one-fifth of all the white mica mined in America.

When the Quin crowds queued up outside the Dafoe Hospital they didn't guess that a young man in bush clothes was prospecting the boulder-strewn backwoods in quest of a fabulous lost mine.

Justin Purdy had little to go on beyond rumours of mica deposits found and lost north of the railway tracks thirty-five years before.

When he struck the edges of the biggest crystal he'd ever seen, he couldn't be sure he found it. He hurtled back into town with a lorry-load of mica chunks and sold it for several hundred pounds.

For mica was needed for U-boat detectors, radio-location equipment, bombers and fighters, and the boom was beginning. His next load of mica was marketed for several thousand pounds. The claims he'd staked in the bush zoomed overnight to be worth £300,000 in shares and cash.

Other prospectors moved in to stake fresh claims at every verge of the Purdy property. Blasting crews went to work. Cutting and trimming plants opened in near-by villages. And that is how the mica rush came to the Quin country.

One farmer found a white mica de-

posit almost at his back door, started blasting with borrowed dynamite and soon had all his family—and the neighbours, too—cutting up mica crystals on the dining-room table.

Another thought he found a white mica vein under his homestead and was all set to pull the place down when he discovered the stuff was just soft, black mica and worthless.

Then the big commercial companies came along, but many lost money. It isn't easy to mine mica. The crystals occur in rock formations, sometimes on the surface, sometimes 60 ft. down. It's like cutting a cake to get at the currants when there may be no currants.

★ ★ ★

Yet the girls who used to run the Quintown sideshows are at work to-day with hundreds of others, splitting and grading the perfect mica. Off the crystal it peels, layer on layer, and a sheet a thousandth-of-an-inch thick will withstand several thousand volts of electricity when the time comes for the job.

After the war, you'll have mica as artificial snow on your Christmas trees, spar from mica quartz building false teeth and making glass—and the happy hunting grounds that 250,000,000 sightseers missed will still be in the money.

HAROLD A. ALBERT.

Time Is Up

By A. G. Gardiner



Hitler congratulates munition workers—but they don't look very happy about it!

FOR the Germans the war has become a desperate delaying action. In a military sense it is lost beyond all hope of redemption.

The whole eastern front is shattered, and at any moment the Red Army may be on German soil. The flight that begun at the gates of the Suez has brought Kesselring's army almost in sight of the Alps.

The invasion from the West, which Hitler believed would never be attempted and which, if attempted, was doomed to failure, has opened on a scale of unimaginable power.

In all the potentialities of war—men, material, productive power—the Allies have the whip-hand. They possess the sea and the air. They ride the whirlwind and direct the storm. They envelop the enemy on all sides, co-operate as one team, strike in turn according to a single strategic plan.

By all the calculations of war, Germany is more visibly and hopelessly defeated than she was in July, 1918. Far more. Yet she is fighting a delaying action. She is manoeuvring for time.

Time for what? Time for a lucky accident. Time for a miracle to come out of the blue. But, mainly, time for two desperate hopes to be fulfilled.

What are they? One is political. The other is murder on a scale untouched yet even in the dreadful deeds of this barbaric race.

* * *

The political hope is that, even at this late hour, the Allies can be disrupted. That hope has been the main theme of Goebbels' propaganda ever since Hitler invaded Russia.

It was that hope that led Hitler to send Hess on his wild-goose flight to Britain. He thought we were to be bribed, and bought "What sort of people do they take us for?" as Mr. Churchill said in another connection. They still think we are "that sort of people."

Listen any night to the loathsome "Haw-haw" and you will hear him mouthing his dreary incitement to us to help Hitler to save Europe (and the Nazis) from the Bolshevik bogey.

It is this illusion about the Allies that explains the priority given to the Western front. The triumphant Russians are at the gates of Germany and the German people are in despair. They know the retribution they have earned from the Russians.

No matter. The Western front is the decisive front for the gangster. Win there, throw the Anglo-American invasion back into the sea, and the "miracle" may be accomplished.

We may be glad to patch up a peace. We may desert our Ally. We may even turn on him to save Europe (and the Nazis) from Bolshevism.

And so Germany is left vulnerable to the Russian invaders and every man and tank and plane available is sent helter-skelter to the Western front. It is there and in Italy that the war is to be won and lost.

It is there that there is at least a chance of a stalemate. And a stalemate would serve as a prelude for Germany's Third World War.

* * *

That is the political hope. A pretty forlorn hope. The other is more serious. Hitler hinted at it when he said this war was a "technicians' war," and spoke of the "secret weapons" to come.

And Gen. Dittmar, the German commandator, followed suit in his now famous

broadcast. He made no bones about Germany's desperate military situation.

She had major wars on three fronts and on each she was up against superior force. He agreed that the Western front was the decisive front, but, even so, the Russian front ought not to have been stripped so bare and must be reinforced.

Then he sounded a note of hope in the midst of the gloom. The war was lost militarily, but it might yet be saved by "the German inventive spirit."

"To-day, it is essential and possibly decisive," he said, "that we should gain the time for these means (the secret weapon) to be developed, produced, and set into operation on the largest possible scale."

That this is no idle threat, the robot plane is sufficient witness. Mass murder on a colossal scale has always been in the background of Nazi strategy. Indeed, it is implied in their gospel of "total war," which justifies every crime on the ground of national necessity.

Hitler has openly avowed that gospel. He did so in his speech to the scientific experts the other day. And the idea has been propagated in the Nazi movement from the beginning.

It was officially proclaimed ten years ago by Professor Banse in a book in which he cold-bloodedly described how the conquest of England (illustrated with maps) was to be accom-

Doodle Bugs, the Americans, and Rent

YES, I know what it is to be involved in a flying-bomb "incident." And I know enough about human patience to realise that nobody will want to hear about my particular bomb.

But, as Mr. Churchill has warned us that the enemy's fiendish attacks will continue, I may be able to answer some of the questions that are bound to remain of topical interest.

* * *

Such questions as: "What do I do about repairs if my house is damaged?" and "Do I have to pay my landlord his rent as usual?"

I hope, of course, they will never be of personal interest to you. The one thing I am sure about is that if you do happen to need the answer you will have already butted into a first-class mystery.

How is it that the American troops arrive within a few minutes of the bomb's explosion?

The Americans won't tell you. They will be too busy working. And how they can work!

You will just have to go on wondering by what magic they locate the site of a bomb as quickly as our own N.F.S.—and that is saying a lot.

Next, you will find an inquiry bureau set up by the local authority in a house close to the damage.

Its courteous officers will tell you, as they told me, that you can either wait for the council's workmen to carry out temporary repairs to your house or you can go along yourself to the council's depot for materials.

Well, my district had received several bombs. In consequence, the council workmen would not get round to my house for two or three days. So I elected to get the materials and become my own first-aid jobber.

After waiting in a queue, I found that the supply of materials had been exhausted. I had to return in the afternoon, when I obtained some linen and board with which to cover the shattered windows. But there was no tarpaulin for the battered roof!

My neighbours fared little better in waiting for the workmen. The very temporary repairs did not keep out the weather, and the men were often called away to fresh "incidents."

* * *

Here let me suggest that the authorities, who certainly are doing their best to please everyone, would be wiser if they saw that one house at a time was made habitable, rather than try to patch up every damaged house at once.

I say this because my neighbours were eventually swamped out, so sketchy were the hurried "repairs," and had to be evacuated—a needless strain on the billeting officer.

Another point: You may be so relieved to see a few boards nailed over your empty window-frames that you will be willing to sign a paper expressing satisfaction with the emergency repairs. I advise you not to sign, at least until the full damage has been officially assessed.

In my own case, I have been waiting a month for the assessor, though

I am aware that in less damaged districts there is little delay.

And, in any case, you may be informed that full repairs cannot be undertaken for many months, in view of the shortage of man-power at this phase of the war.

* * *

What, then, about the landlord? Must you pay him full rent if, for example, only one room in your house or flat is fit to live in?

The answer is provided by the Landlord and Tenant (War Damage) Act of 1939, and its amendment of 1941.

If you have a short tenancy—that is weekly, monthly or quarterly—you need pay only a proportion of the rent.

Generally, the landlord will be reasonable; he will agree to accept for the undamaged rooms only a proportion of the rent due for the whole premises.

When larger tenancies are concerned the tenant should get expert advice if he wishes to disclaim his lease or avoid payment of rent until the premises are rendered fit.

There are, I must warn you, several complexities involved; but, broadly, that is the position as it affects the ordinary tenant.

If you are buying your house on mortgage, beware the speculator who will offer you a few hundred pounds for the property "as it stands."

You may feel that the deal would save you a good deal of bother; you can also be sure that it would provide the speculator with a good deal of profit!

W. T.

Up!

plished by, among other things, the dissemination of disease germs.

Banise was a little indiscreet. Hitler had him removed from his University job and (when the storm had blown over) appointed him to some other. We were shocked, but not really alarmed. We could not take national gangsterism seriously, even in the light of the Reichstag fire and the Hitler purge and *Mein Kampf*.

Moreover, we were then busy discussing disarmament. And was not that nice commercial traveller, Herr Ribbentrop, representing Hitler's Germany in Carlton House Terrace and hob-nobbing with the best?

* * *

But we are wiser now. We know what Hitler and Dittmar mean when they talk about the "technicians' war." They mean anything and everything from the robot plane and poison chamber, to infecting the wells with disease germs.

They mean murder. Wholesale murder, as they have practised on the Jews, the Poles, the Czechs, the French, the Greeks, the Yugoslavs. Murder which aims, not at obliterating armies in battle, but at the massacre of nations in their sleep. Murder as it is understood by the monsters who have invented "total war."

We have had and are having a foretaste of this orgy of mass murder, and it is a very hideous experience. It is going down in that bill of retribution which we shall levy on the barbarians in due course.

We do not know what more is to follow. We do not know what horrors that "German inventive spirit" in which Hitler and Dittmar exalt, is preparing for our non-combatants, women and children, the old and the sick and the defenceless.

But we know that we are in good hands. Pitiful as the tragedies of the robot plane have been, they have failed utterly in their purpose. So far from deflecting the current of the war they have deepened and intensified it.

They have made us realise with a new passion that whatever happens to us this foul thing and the foul brood who have conceived it, must be swept from the face of the earth. "What sort of people do they think we are" who suppose that Terror will lose us the war we know we are winning?

* * *

And do not forget, Herr Dittmar, that we too have our experts and our "inventive spirit." The robot plane has failed because we anticipated it and robbed it of its power of saturation.

And remember also, Herr Dittmar, that we hold the skies of Germany and that we have weapons in our armoury which if you compel us to use them will execute a vengeance at least as great as the crime that provokes it.

But the point here is Dittmar's agonised cry for "time" for Germany to launch her terrors "on the largest possible scale." To win time the delaying action is being fought.

BUT TIME MUST NOT BE GIVEN. RUSSIA IS AT THE GATES. THE ARMIES ARE CLOSING IN. THE UNDERGROUND WORLD IS AWAKE. IF WE STRIKE ALTOGETHER AND WITH ALL OUR MIGHT THE PRAYER FOR TIME WILL BE IN VAIN. FOR GERMANY, TIME IS UP.

★ You have to combat steam as well as soot when cleaning locomotive tubes—the women doing this man's job think chimney sweeps have a clean time; and after the shift there's housework waiting...

Mrs. Snow Has Britain's Dirtiest Job!

SET out to find one of the hardest, dirtiest and least spectacular feminine jobs in the war. In the engine-cleaning and oiling sheds of a Midlands rail centre I felt pretty sure I'd found it.

The atmosphere of a "good wash and brush-up for locomotives" is grimly purposeful.

Lines and sidings ray out from a big circular platform which looks something like a smoky, cobbled circus ring.

Little Leisure

Every yard of space is taken up by snorting sooty monsters that have thundered up and down and across Britain and now are champing impatiently to be off again.

Above the platform is a high glass dome. It lets in no daylight at all—the perpetual smoke of locomotives sees to that. And the prevailing colour-scheme of rails, sidings, offices and gangways is a warm sable.

Whichever way you stand, the wind meets you like an enemy. Nothing here to suggest the refining feminine touch!

Then I saw Mrs. Stroud. An unmistakably feminine figure despite the blue dungarees and covered hair.

Mrs. Stroud's official title is "coppersmith's assistant," which entails repairs to feeders, oil-lamps and all kinds of tinware. She's been at the job for two years, and she likes it 100 per cent. better than her two years' stretch of tube cleaning.

With two children, aged six and eight, and a husband on war work to look after, she doesn't have much leisure. Particularly as she likes everything at home to "look nice."

Mrs. Stroud is the veteran of this section—though Mrs. Busby, who started as a goods porter, has longer service with the company. In the domestic stakes, also, Mrs. Busby romps home an easy winner; she has three children, a husband and home to expend her energy on when she comes off the shift.

Mrs. Busby has done tube cleaning, too. She admits it's not an easy job, but on the whole she likes it better than what she's doing now. Being a men's messroom attendant isn't the sinecure the uninitiated might think it.

Weather's the Enemy

Meals are going on all the time, and as soon as one lot of rail workers' tummies are warmed and fed there's another lot waiting their turn!

Talking with three of the women labourers, I thought their work, which includes the replacing of heavy brake blocks and the refilling of the lubricators (eight pints of oil to every engine), must be the most arduous and least popular of

all jobs. I was wrong. Tube blowing and rodding beat the labouring hollow.

Nearly every woman in the place has gruelled through a period of tube cleaning, but it was Joyce and Elsie who explained its horrors with smiles and mock groans.

"It's a bit like chimney-sweeping," said Joyce, "only not so pleasant. You've got the steam to cope with as well as the soot, you see."

Artillery for tube cleaning consists of a large iron rod, to which is affixed a brush, and a blowpipe that looks rather like a rifle.

Method of assault lies in pushing the rod and brush through the tubes of the locomotive, after which the blowpipe is brought into action. This connects to a valve which, on pressure of a lever, jets out a terrific weight of high-speed steam.

This noisy torrent of hot air forces every bit of soot out of the tubes and leaves them as clean as a whistle. Blonde and brunette waves—and the eardrums—take the rap.

Nobody really loves blowing and rodding, but both Elsie and Joyce agreed that you never got really bored and inattentive with it. You see, it isn't all that safe—especially at night!

It's true that tube cleaning is at the bottom of everybody's poll, but when it comes to real honest-to-goodness dirt, Mrs. Snow claims the palm for engine-cleaning.

Under the engine where she has to burrow is the prime spot for oil and grease. Not to mention soot, caked dust and everything else that can be picked up on a three or four hundred-mile run. The oil and grease drip on to shoes, ankles, dungarees, and one's schoolgirl complexion.

Besides grime, it's a tough job, but Mrs. Snow says her most exasperating chore is getting her dungarees clean. (She washes her own because she thinks they wear longer if washed at home). Mrs. Snow's husband is having his bit of dirt and toughness with Alexander's lot, so his wife isn't grumbling, though she does admit to being pretty tired by the time the end of her shift comes round. And as the engine-cleaning shift ends, her spell of home-running automatically begins.

Every woman in the department is a Jill of all trades—and a master of them. Scraping, faking, dry-

ing the painting of smoke-boxes, cleaning the great sheds, engine oiling—all these formerly masculine tasks are cheerfully shouldered by the women in blue.

They confess that one thing has beaten them, and that's the English summer. Indeed, they're more interested in the weather than are farmers and meteorological experts.

You see, they have to work out in it, and in nothing more substantial than thinnish dungarees and low shoes. If you gave them three wishes, they'd plump three times for weatherproof dungarees, of the A.T.S. style, and Wellington boots.

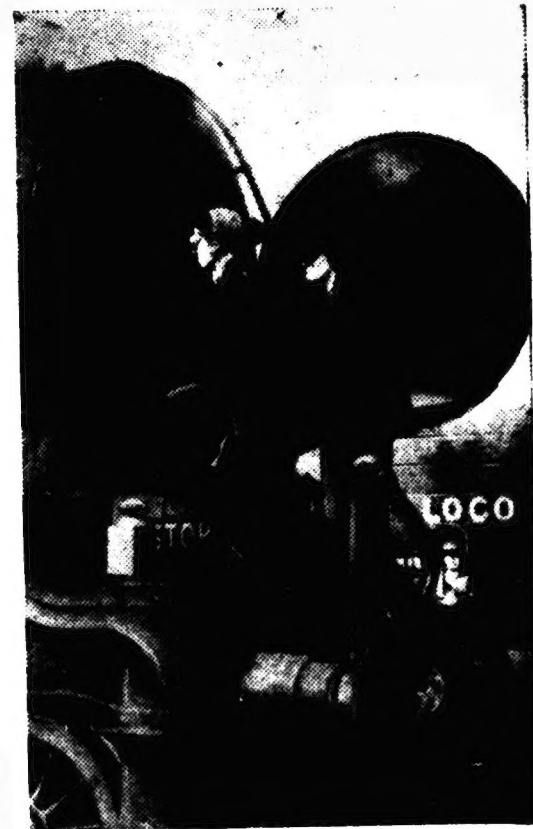
I would add some duckboards and a deep-sea diving suit, for the potted way to the sheds on a wet day reminded one of all I had read about the Somme.

They'll Go Quietly

The women are proud to be doing one of the most vital jobs of the war. But this is one place where there will be no sex rivalry in the piping days of peace. The men will be welcome to everything that goes around here after Hitler has taken the count.

In the meantime, the women are carrying on and looking forward to the time when life will be a simple matter of working in factory or warehouse, bringing up children, looking after "dad" and catching up with the house. And fitting in a regular and real holiday!

ELIZABETH E. BROOKS.



Women in blue cheerfully shoulder heavy, grimy jobs, and master them



Women guerrillas are writing a glowing page in Russian history

DRAMAS BEHIND THE RUSSIAN VICTORIES

IN the History Museum on the famous Red Square, Moscow, lies a heavy revolver with an Iron Cross beside it. They are the sole symbols of one of the most interesting episodes in Russia's giant struggle against the Nazis.

It is the story of a woman—or, rather, a girl. For when Liza Ivanovna Chaikina first took to arms she was absurdly young.

To a childhood friend, Nura Barsukova, she wrote: "I shall become a soldier, a real soldier—that's my ambition now."

She Made a Plan

And one evening, in the full beauty of the Russian summer, war flamed up afresh in the village of Runa, and Liza, who had mastered the machine-gun and the hand-grenade, seized her chance. She organized her own brigade, sixty-eight strong. Among them was a boy named Vasya, only fifteen. Together they went reconnoitring.

Very soon they made contact with the Germans. Using secret paths and byways, they kept check upon their movements until Liza thought the moment had arrived to bring up her comrades. While Vasya went back to warn them, Liza devised a plan of her own.

From her hiding-place she had watched a tall, spindly German wearing officer's uniform. She singled him out because he seemed of high rank. Soon he lay back on the bank of a stream, and smoked a cigarette, enjoying the sun.

Liza Died Defiant

Edging closer, Liza pulled her heavy gun from its holster and took careful aim. Then she waited for a signal.

And while she waited, the sun dappled the trees about her, the good Russian earth spread warm and firm, and this clear-eyed Russian girl thought for a flashing second how beautiful life and the world could be.

The shattering report of rifles. The German officer tensed himself. Liza's

These Books Make News

youthful band had arrived. She carefully checked her aim. Then she pulled the trigger.

The officer sprang to his feet and slowly collapsed again. Later Liza recovered the Iron Cross from his uniform.

It was the beginning of a remarkable series of adventures for Liza, who is now known throughout the length and breadth of Russia.

To-day her picture graces the leading museums and schools. To-day she is a national hero.

Led by Liza, the gallant little band carried out some astonishing feats. But in the end the Germans trapped her. They passed sentence of death, because she refused to talk. They fired a volley of bullets over her head.

She merely said, "Death to the German invaders." They fired again, and this time she died.

That is one episode in Maurice Hindus' latest book, *Mother Russia*, published by Collins at 12s. 6d. It is a book which gives the first fully authenticated account of Russia's fighting women.

It tells, for the first time, the story of Zoya Kosmodemyanskaya, the heroine of the Russian village of Petrishtshevo.

Zoya's mother lives in Moscow. She is a tall woman, about forty, with a pale, handsome face, and slightly stooping shoulders. She has photographs of Zoya at various stages of her life. Those photographs mean a great deal to her—as well they might.

For Zoya's name, too, is now part of Soviet history.

She decided to make things uncomfortable for the Germans in her village. In the dead of night she crawled into the village from her hide-out. Moving undetected amongst the German guards,

she set fire to several buildings and then escaped.

Later, Russian scouts reported that her efforts were not too successful. Zoya said she would go back.

"Yes," said the commander, "but wait until they calm down."

For the toughest hand at the game it was near suicide to go back again. Zoya did not hesitate.

A day later she dressed herself in men's clothes and returned to the village by stealth at night. In her diary she wrote . . . "Adieu—adieu—adieu—remember me," a line from Hamlet.

She followed the road she had followed before. Soon the cottages loomed out of the snow, dark spots amongst the white. She moved closer. There were no lights. No sign even of a guard.

Right into the heart of the village she penetrated undetected. She found the stable they had selected. She shifted the position of her gun and struck a match. It broke. She struck another.

Workers Share Profits

And then hands seized her from behind and the terrible ordeal which was to win her the respect of the whole Russian nation began. The Germans wanted information. They tried every means to extort it. They beat her until she could hardly move.

"Tell us now—and you go free."

She just stared back at them, silent.

They tried other methods. They went on for weeks. In the end she was hanged. Her last words were . . . "Farewell—and fight on."

There is another side to this very interesting book. A side which deals with the background of war-time living in Russia. It gives close-up facts from inside Russia to-day, and some of them will startle many people in this country.

For instance, Hindus explains that the highest-paid people in some of the war-time factories are not the directors, but assistant foremen. The director at the Trekhgorka factory, for example, gets

Human Machine

NOT SO EASY

● To "see life steadily and see it whole": to keep a true balance of mind: to see things in proportion: to view things in proper perspective: these things are not easy.

Absolutely essential to a calm and happy life, they are the most difficult of all things to obtain.

It is only the very rare individual who can achieve even a measure of detachment and look both back and ahead and assess life at its true value.

Nevertheless it is something we should all try very hard to do. We may be too close to the trees to see the wood; we may be too close to the petty details—or even the big events—of life to see the course of life itself.

Time cures all things; and it is a pity that it so often needs time to show us that what we thought so important is perhaps trivial after all; that what we thought so momentous was really not worth half the fuss and worry we made of it; that what we thought incurable only needed just a little bit more courage, a little bit more will-power, a little bit more self-control to put in its proper place.

We can all look back and see that sort of thing. What we lack, and should strive with might and main to attain, is the power of seeing—if only dimly—something of that sort in our present moments.

1,400 roubles a month, while some of the assistant foremen get 2,000 roubles a month.

Again, part of the profits made by this factory are returned for improving the social and living conditions of the workers. Another part is distributed as premiums, beginning with the chief engineer and ending with the porters.

All workers know that the higher the profits of the factory the more substantial will be their own share.

Anybody interested in modern Russia should read this book.

VINCENT BROME.

BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER

THERE have been 63 prosecutions of 82 defendants for over-assessing war damage repairs.

Fifty-one people were sentenced up to three years penal servitude, or fined. The rest were acquitted.

Grave as these figures are, they touch only a fringe of one of the greatest scandals of the war.

For I can make a revelation.

Many new prosecutions will be staged in different parts of the country in the near future as the outcome of many separate investigations now taking place under the direction of Sir Norman Kendal, head of the Criminal Investigation Department, Scotland Yard.

I cannot go into the details of the cases concerned. But I can say that some of the inquiries relate to grossly inflated claims and others for work that has been paid for by the Government, but left undone or only partially completed.

In addition, certain firms and a number of people will have to answer for charging the highest rates while using inferior materials to those specified in their plans and accounts.

One case, in the North Country, will create a great stir.

Another concerns work done and

Money for Nothing

prices charged in building an aerodrome. "Repair" work to a number of bombed buildings which, though charged up in the accounts submitted and paid, was never completed, will create indignation in another part of the country when proceedings begin.

Do people fail to make sufficient inquiries before contracting for work of this kind?

Take one recent case in which a man, named William Cecil Radford Kirby, of Rosemont Road, Acton, London, W., and three confederates, were found guilty at the Old Bailey of what the Common Serjeant called "a disgraceful conspiracy to defraud the War Damage Commission."

Kirby was an Examiner for the War Damage Claims Commission and he conspired with the other men—"builders"—is how they were described on the indictment—to put in fraudulent certificates, knowing perfectly well that they were charging for work which had never been done.

Kirby is now in jail for 3 years.

How he ever reached a position of trust with the War Damage Commission puzzles me, for I have known him for many years, and have had occasion to publish more than one warning about his dishonest methods.

Moreover, he has been in prison on two occasions previously—once for

obtaining credit by fraud and the other time for obtaining credit while an undischarged bankrupt.

An elementary inquiry by the War Damage Claims Commission authorities before they employed him would have confirmed this!

That more caution is necessary in Government departments and among leading firms of contractors is clear from the fact that several firms of accountants are now working, in conjunction with the War Damage Claims Commission and the Public Prosecutor's Office, on fresh "suspect" claims.

And special firms of assessors have now been brought in to examine property, books, receipts and invoices in cases where police reports of investigations have been lodged.

One of two of the most serious cases are so involved that it may take two to three years before sufficient evidence is obtained to justify criminal proceedings. In two cases that have been under review the separate sums involved run into five figures.

Taxpayers who cheerfully eke out their earnings to the last penny, practising self-denial to meet the demands of the Exchequer and to win the war as soon as possible, are entitled to a better deal than they are getting where contemptible frauds of this type are concerned.

THIS WEEK'S—

MR. ROGERS was a quiet man who led a quiet life, mostly out of the daylight. He came up out of the gloom each morning at the Cannon Street Underground station and almost immediately went into the gloom again in a little shop near Leadenhall Market, a little shop in a little alley so high and so narrow that there artificial light was the order even of Midsummer Day.

Now and again in the summer Mr. Rogers would sometimes see the sun before his business day began or after it was over, but in the main his idea of golden sunshine was snatched from photographs in magazines and pictures on the screen at the movies.

So that naturally it followed that his idea of the perfect background for human existence was a little cottage in a little valley far away in the golden west, Somerset way or Devon way, where one did nothing all day but sit back under an apple tree and eat raspberry cake.

Not for a long time, however, had Mr. Rogers said anything about this to anybody, for nobody Mr. Rogers met seemed to have the peculiar tastes that Mr. Rogers had.

Neither his fellow-lodgers at Stoke Newington nor the other chaps in the little shop near Leadenhall Market had his rustic ambitions. Or, as Mr. Rogers himself put it, they did not speak the same language.

They had made it plain to Mr. Rogers long ago that they themselves would go mad sitting all day under an apple tree, eating raspberry cake. No flicks! No Boat Race Night! No Derby! No good old smell of petrol! Might as well be dead.

So Mr. Rogers simply kept himself to himself and got on with his job.

Mr. Rogers was in no way an exceptional man, and therefore in no way an exceptional worker. His pay was small and his holidays were without it, and Ealing Common for half a day was as near as he had ever got to the golden west.

He swept the shop and stuck the hundreds of tickets in the window, and if customers came in with complaints he was the one to deal with them.

Because complaining customers never seemed to get any farther with Mr. Rogers and usually ended by withdrawing their complaints as the only way of ending a stupid argument.

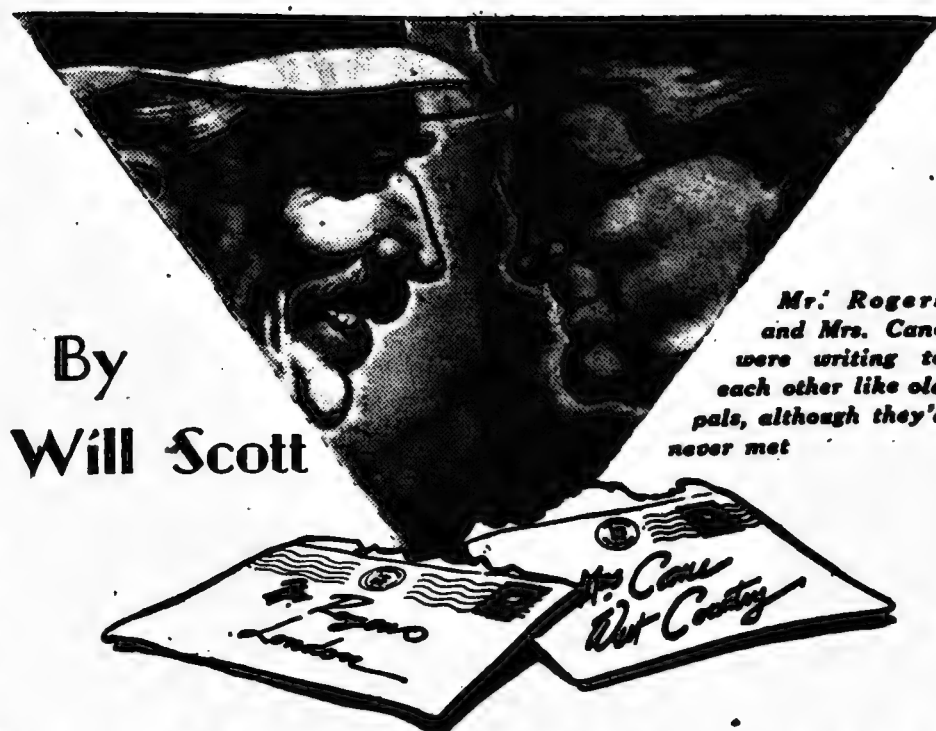
It was in this way, through the complaints department, that Mr. Rogers first came into the life of Mrs. Cane and Mrs. Cane first came into the life of Mr. Rogers.

ROGERS' firm did a tidy bit of business by post up and down the country, and one of their unseen clients was Mrs. Cane, who lived far away in the west. She had a parcel of their odds and ends about once a quarter, and when at last something went wrong, and something was missing from one of the parcels, and Mrs. Cane wrote to complain, the letter was handed on to Mr. Rogers to deal with.

"Jolly her up a bit," said the boss. And Mr. Rogers wrote and jollied her up a bit, and before you knew where you were—well, at any rate, by the end of a couple of years—Mr. Rogers and Mrs. Cane were writing to each other like old pals, although they'd never met.

The letters were on the surface always business letters, but it's surprising what you can do with a business letter.

Both Mr. Rogers and Mrs. Cane managed to work in a good bit about orchards and winding lanes and what more could you want and the futility of modern city life. And Mr. Rogers



By
Will Scott

Mr. Rogers
and Mrs. Cane
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never met

The Same Language

(somehow) managed to work in the sad facts that he was lonely and out of place in Leadenhall Market, and Mrs. Cane (somehow) managed to work in the sad facts that she was lonely and a widow.

And the time came when they were able to work in a letter or two on the side, having nothing whatever to do with Leadenhall Market.

"That Mrs. Cane seems very satisfied with everything these days," said the boss. "No complaints now."

"No," said Mr. Rogers. "Not since I jollied her up a bit, like you said. As a matter of fact, I get along very well with her. By post, of course. An understanding woman, I should say. We speak the same language."

By the way, Mr. Rogers said it you'd have thought it was a new language altogether, just discovered by Mr. Rogers and Mrs. Cane.

How long all this would have drifted heaven knows, but one day somebody else came into Mr. Rogers' life. This was an uncle in Hongkong, and he came into Mr. Rogers' life on the day he went out of his own, leaving Mr. Rogers £500 to the good.

So Mr. Rogers had a few firm words with the boss and made arrangements for his first real holiday. He wrote to Mrs. Cane in the golden west.

"You'll think I've got a nerve," he wrote, "But I reckon that if you could put me up for a week it would be the nearest thing to heaven I've ever known. I'm a simple man and simple things please me best, and I reckon that nothing would suit me more than to sit under an apple tree outside your cottage with a jug of cider and a nice raspberry cake. . . . And so on."

And Mrs. Cane wrote to Mr. Rogers: "I don't as a rule have boarders, even in the summer, but, of course, I shall make an exception in your case, because in a way I feel as if I've always known

you, and I shall do my best in my west country way to give you a holiday you will always remember. Raspberry cake it shall be."

So the following Monday Mr. Rogers got on the train at Waterloo and got off it at the little market town which was the beginning of his destination, the happiest man in Britain. Mrs. Cane had written to say that her cottage was very, very difficult to find if you were a stranger and she'd be on the platform to meet him.

There was only one woman on the platform when Mr. Rogers, the only passenger for the little market town, got off the train, and therefore it was obvious to each of them that Mr. Rogers was meeting Mrs. Cane at last.

HE saw a cheerful woman with pink cheeks, a smiling woman. She saw a quiet-looking man with a modest manner and twinkling eyes. Both were satisfied from the first glance.

Mr. Rogers raised his hat. "Mrs. Kine?" he said. "O! beg yewr pard'n?" said Mrs. Cane.

"Mrs. Kine?" said Mr. Rogers. "Kine?" said Mrs. Cane, puzzled. She glanced across the station to a field beyond. There two cows were lazily munching grass. Kine. . . . But she didn't see what they had to do with it. She wondered if she'd made some mistake. Is he Mr. Rogers, she thought.

"Are yew Mesder Rajahs?" she asked. "Beg your pardon?" said Mr. Rogers. "Are yew Mesder Rajahs?" asked Mrs. Cane.

"Rajahs?" "Rajahs?" said Mr. Rogers. He wondered if he'd made some mistake. This woman seemed to be talking about India or cigars or something.

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"O!m expecting a Mesder Rajahs," said Mrs. Cane.

In the end they cleared it up by producing letters, hers from her handbag, his from his pocket, and when it was plain that he was Mr. Rogers and that she was Mrs. Cane there was an excess of laughter and hand-shaking and the whole thing passed off as a prime joke.

"O! gard the targsy t' taak yew to the cartage."

"Beg your pardon?" said Mr. Rogers. Something like a sigh escaped from Mrs. Cane—a very tiny sigh, but a sigh. Was Mr. Rogers by any chance deaf? Surely she had spoken plainly enough. Anyone would know that she had got the taxi to take him to her cottage. But she tried again, a little louder.

"O! gard the targsy t' taak yew to the cartage," she said.

"Cartage?" said Mr. Rogers. Did she mean they were going somewhere in a plain van? He glanced at his modest suitcase. A little thing like that would go on his knee.

"Cartage?" he said again. Mrs. Cane nodded and smiled. He wasn't so very deaf after all.

"That's right," she said. But it wasn't at all clear to Mr. Rogers.

"Targsy?" he said.

"That's right," said Mrs. Cane.

Something like a nasty creeping feeling began to go over Mr. Rogers' skin. Targsy? Cartage? And it didn't make things better to be told he was right, when he didn't even know what he was talking about himself.

Mrs. Cane, however, had him by the arm and was leading him through the booking-hall. And there in the station was a taxi, and into it they got and were shot away up a great hill.

Mr. Rogers thought he'd better make conversation. He peeped out of the window and saw that it looked like rain. That was good enough for a start.

"Luks a bi' li' rine," he said.

"O! beg yewr pard'n?" said Mrs. Cane.

"Luks a bi' li' rine," said Mr. Rogers.

Mrs. Cane thought she'd better change the subject.

"Lewks a bit loik raan," she said.

"Beg your pardon?" said Mr. Rogers.

He was so bewildered that when they reached her little cottage in the valley he never even noticed how beautiful it was. She led him into a great kitchen.

"When yew've unpacked," she said.

"O!ve gard a raal treat vor yew. Rezby Caake."

"Pardon?" said Mr. Rogers.

"Rezby Caake," said Mrs. Cane.

Stunned, Mr. Rogers managed to whisper:

"Wha' I would like's some rarsberry kike."

"Pardon?" said Mrs. Cane.

"Rarsberry kike," said Mr. Rogers.

"Pardon?" said Mrs. Cane.

And then for the first time in his life Mr. Rogers acted like a flash of lightning. He babbled out some incredible story about leaving the gas on in Stoke Newington, tore out, grabbed the taxi before it had fully turned round in the narrow lane, and from the little market town caught the first train back to Waterloo. The rest of his holiday he spent at Southend.

"Your lodger didn't stay long," said Mrs. Cane's nearest neighbour to Mrs. Cane.

"He's a nice man, if eccentric," said Mrs. Cane, "but he doesn't seem to speak English."

"What was Mrs. Wotsername like?" asked the boss, at the end of Mr. Rogers' holiday. "Our customer down in the west country. Mrs. Cane, isn't it?"

Mr. Rogers shook his head.

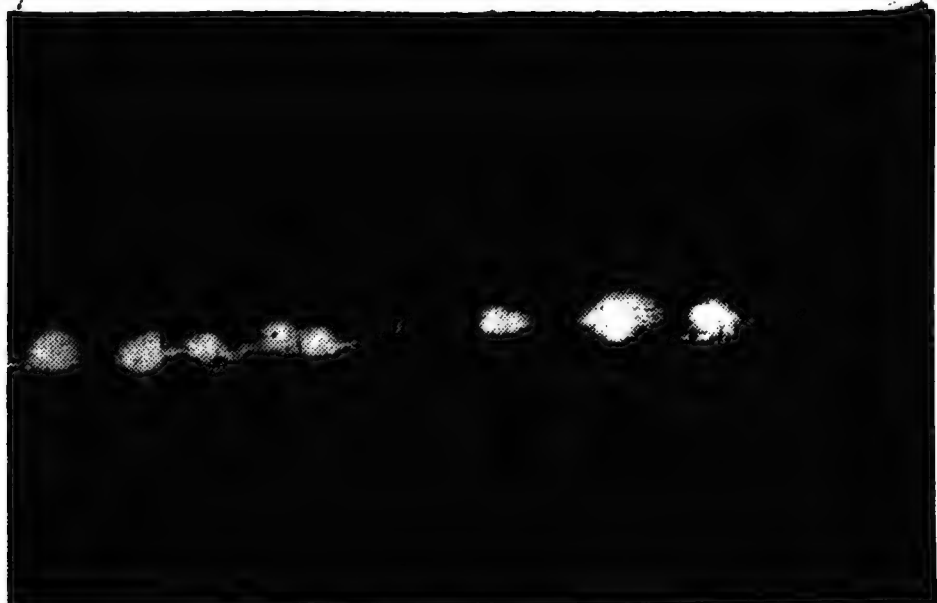
"She's a nice woman," he said. "A kindly soul. But you can't tell a word she says."

Undimmed Patience of the Oppressed

PERHAPS when it all comes to be counted up, all the sacrifice and the pain, all the suffering and heroic deeds, and all the loss as well as the gain; the greatest thing that will shine across a world so anguished-rimmed will be the patience of the oppressed, that has lived on undimmed.

THE patience that saw each harvest pass and grim winter close in once more, the patience that held unbroken through the vilest crimes of war. The patience that can now, thanks be to God, see liberation's march, the patience that will be the great keystone in the future's triumphant arch.—J. M.

VOICE OF THE TROOPS



"Massed artillery has put paid to large tank movements" writes a bombardier

GLOWING tribute to the "Hampshires," plus some comment on strategy, comes in a letter from Bdr. D. E. Wilson, R.A., C.M.F., to his sister at Doversgreen Road, Reigate, Surrey: I have just been reading A. B. Austin's book "The Birth of an Army," and enjoying it. He lays great stress on the early need for more and more infantry. He seems to have missed, so far as I have read, the most significant point.

Until Montgomery struck at Alamein, and in the taking of El Aghella, no answer had been found to the German Panzer divisions. Before this, once a Panzer division got going there was nothing to stop it. Whether the Russians or Alexander thought of it first, the fact is that massed artillery has put paid to large tank movements.

From the time that the big "strike" was launched, nearly every attack was opened with a terrific barrage that pounded yard by yard the enemy positions. Then the infantry could really get going, and not until then.

I am glad that Austin mentions the Hampshires, and I never expect men to do more than they did. We ran into them everywhere.

You passed files of "scruffs" toiling along the road, soaked in sweat, shirt-tails hanging out to dry, helmets on the back of their heads, rags round their foreheads to prevent the sweat getting into their eyes. You met them looking boiled and ready to drop, and then after we had cheerfully insulted each other, we saw them later swarming up the slopes in the morning, running towards the Jerries who were waiting for them. Great lads, these Hampshires!

Most of the war correspondents lay stress on hardship and excitement of battle, but miss the main thing, which is hard work.

Life is mostly digging. Wherever we put a gun we have to start digging; a six-foot trench for six men, smaller trenches for ammunition and stores. Guns have to be dug in, and perhaps after you have been digging for hours in stony ground, you move on suddenly and start digging again!

Packing and unloading; digging in and digging out; camouflaging and all the rest—sometimes for a stay of hours, sometimes for days or weeks. In fact, our job in the war is hard work and more hard work.

African Dance Contest

Native dance championships held at Bulawayo, Southern Rhodesia, greatly impressed Sgt. L. Berger, P.T.I., who writes to a friend at Black Boy Lane, Tottenham, London, N.15:

Hearing that the native dance championships were to be held that night, we

went along. The hall was large, with the stage set in the centre. As we were guests of honour, we were given seats on the stage with the band.

The musicians were all black: Matabelles, Mashonas and Zulus, and pretty good they were, too. The hall filled rapidly, and soon the couples began to take the floor. Their dress was beyond criticism. Loincloths? Good gracious, no! The women wore evening gowns which would not have disgraced English debutantes. The men wore "tails," and they were correct in every detail, even to the white gloves to protect their partners' dresses.

It seemed strange to be here, in the heart of Africa, watching niggers dance perfectly the foxtrot, quickstep and the waltz! The vocal number was "When the Lights of London Shine Again," and it made me feel a trifle homesick.

After the dancing there was a "best-dressed lady" competition, and were the local ladies well dressed? We took part in the "judging," and very interesting, too!

When Hope Springs Eternal

MEN will give up hope about pretty well anything. They'll lose all faith in politics. They'll decide that their job isn't worth going on with. They'll develop a sinking feeling, about five minutes before the pistol pops, that they put that pound on the wrong horse.

Because of almost anything under the sun, men will jump off piers or under trains, or they will go out to sun-baked lands and reduce the elephant population.

But show a man a seed and he will go raving mad with optimism.

Though nothing can make him believe that his horse will come first past the winning-post, he is absolutely certain that the seed will come up.

This is the oddest thing you'll find in human nature.

Looking back, there's nothing to be said for planting seeds. It's a kind of half-holiday pastime for asylums.

I know a man who lives miles away in the heart of the country who is unique for being the only man I have ever heard of who has given up gardening. He has a garden, but he never touches it.

"Not me," he says. "You don't have the crops even when they do come up. The frost gets 'em. When the frost doesn't get 'em the black fly gets 'em. When the black fly doesn't get 'em the green fly gets 'em. And when the green

★ Have you an interesting letter from a relative in the Forces? **ONE GUINEA** will be paid for each one published—more if an adventure story used at greater length—and all the letters are returned. 10s. 6d. for Readers' Views. Address all letters to "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

Unexpected Meeting

Brother unexpectedly meets brother in Italy after many years of service with the forces in different theatres of war. Gnr. E. G. Green, R.A., C.M.F., writes to his wife at Frederick Place, King's Lynn:

After being abroad for 18 months I have actually met someone I know! A fellow named Pat Green, now an officer in an Indian division, stationed next to our position.

He strolled down to our gun yesterday, and were we pleased to see each other! Pat could only spend an hour with me, but it was the best hour I have spent since leaving home. We chinned like a couple of excited women. Unfortunately we could not celebrate our meeting in a manner fitted to such an occasion, but we hope to do something about that later.

Browned Off

A good, hearty "grouse" comes from Pte. D. Hendry, serving with the C.M.F. He writes to his prospective mother-in-law at Wetherby, Yorkshire:

If this is censored, it will be just too bad; but I will have relieved my feelings, anyway. First, with regard to food

READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

● Save money, shipping space and smokers' cough by smoking dried coltsfoot leaves, either alone or mixed with an equal amount of tobacco.—Miss W. M. Ingham, Padham, Burnley.

★ My pram wheel broke, and at all the likely shops they say: "No spare wheels supplied now." The only alternative is to buy a new pram, which is a poor form of "economy," especially for a soldier's wife.—Mrs. J. Kils, Leyland Avenue, St. Albans.

★ On "Home Safe" accounts with the larger banks, interest (2 per cent.) stops at deposit of £100, no interest being payable for deposits over £100. Why?—"R. W. L., Cirencester.

★ When will the Ministry of Food stop the pulling of immature vegetables for sale at fantastic prices to folk who have more money than sense?—Mr. A. Race, Southey Crescent, Sheffield.

—It is terrible, and served in a way that is a disgrace. At home I would not feed this stuff to a dog.

Next time you read about those wonderful canteens out here, restrain your enthusiasm! In every canteen I have been into so far all you can get is a cup of smoky tea, usually cold, and two cakes, which is the right name for them.

As for those E.N.S.A. shows alleged to be "up in the Front Line," they are usually at some place about a hundred miles from the line, and we don't see them.

Also, we haven't been paid for a fortnight!

Hit by Flak

Being hit in mid-air is not a pleasant sensation. Sgt. L. Perryer, R.A.F., C.M.F., writes to his father at Chamelon Road, Tottenham, London, N.:

We have had our "fun," but I can tell you our targets or jobs, but of our raids have been in the news.

Last week we had a shaking time. We were approaching our target when suddenly we found ourselves right in the middle of a very accurate barrage of flak, which was so close that the explosions caused the aircraft to bounce about all over the place.

We took violent evasive action. The barrage still kept reaching up at us. Then we heard a terrific bang, and the machine shuddered as if hit in the tender place. Looking out from the mid-upper turret, I saw that we had been hit about halfway down fuselage.

Flames began to leap out and thousands of sparks, but the old ship kept on flying. Our navigator and engineer dropped back and with the beam gunner fought the fire for half an hour and won the fight. By this time we were well clear of the flak, but we had more or less lost ourselves.

However, we jettisoned our bombs and eventually found our way home, landing safely. It was our lucky day!

★ If you are in doubt, write to HUMANIST, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name)

Children Were Seen And Not Heard In Our Day!



These parents would not have tolerated being called by their Christian names

critical. And I am thankful—judging from numerous letters received lately—that the majority of parents dislike the idea of thrashing their children too hard and too often.

One girl asked her mother: "Mammy, is there really a God?" The mother immediately gave the girl a thorough hiding for daring to ask such a question. The effect was unexpected. "When I asked you," said the child, "I wanted to know. Now I'm quite sure there isn't!"

A short time ago a retired miner suggested that able-bodied men living on pensions might make themselves useful in the house.

To my surprise a number of women objected to the idea strongly. They think it is not a man's work at all.

The women of to-day ape the men so much, writes a farmer's wife, that we don't want the men to ape the women. I should like to see all men grow beards to let the women see that there is one thing of their very own which the women can't imitate!

SHE suggests that if a man is too old for heavy labour he could make himself very useful on a farm.

He could feed the pigs, calves and poultry, prepare sheds for milking, bring the cows in and take them out again, help in the garden, and so take on some of the work which has to be done by younger men.

I think myself, she concludes, that a woman would find it very embarrassing always to have a man around her.

She would never feel private in her own home. It is nice to know that a husband can make himself handy in case of sickness, but not otherwise.

I wonder how many women readers will agree with that point of view?

During this war men have had to do a number of things which are normally regarded as women's work, just as a great many women are doing jobs formerly reserved for men. The work of the two sexes overlaps more than it did, but I refuse to grow a beard yet awhile!

Heiress to the Throne, but—

PRINCESS ELIZABETH may be heiress to the British throne, officially of age at 18, and the possessor of her own lady-in-waiting. But, limited by coupons as is everybody else, she is still taught to economise like a much humbler member of the community.

American officers tell how, when the Princess conferred the name "Rose of York" on a Flying Fortress a few days ago, she was quite distressed at finding that her new pair of gloves had been dampened by the white York roses they gave her.

Indeed, she held them out to show her mother.

"Never mind, my dear," said the Queen. "We'll dry and stretch them, and then they'll be fit for you to wear again."

NOVELLO RIVALS ASCHE

How will "The Dancing Years," the record-breaker of this war, compare with the run of "Chu Chin Chow," which, during the last war, broke all stage records by running for 2,288 performances?

Produced at Drury Lane in March, 1939, "The Dancing Years" came off, as did all the London shows, on the night of September 2.

Then, after a tour, it was staged at the Adelphi, where it had totalled nearly 2,000 shows when the manless blitz interfered again with the run.

When it resumes, Ivor Novello, its author, composer and star, will claim it as a continuous run; but John Parker, editor of "Who's Who in the Theatre" and keeper of the semi-official records, says: "Oh, no, this will be a revival and therefore won't count."

Anyway, Novello has drawn from it at least £400 a week for five years. This would be over £100,000 in his pocket but for income tax, which has taken all of it except about £3,500 a year.

Still, the entertainment tax has benefited from the run by over £300,000!

DRAMA OF THE DOODLE BUG

Guy de Maupassant, were he here today, would find a wealth of short-story material in the dramas unearthed by the dropping of the doodlebug.

Even in the veiled way I tell it so that the identity of the characters shall not be disclosed, there was stark tragedy in the earthly end of a man I knew.

Discovering that his wife was unfaithful to him, and that an Allied officer was her lover, he said: "Either you must go, or I do!"

Because she would not leave their home, it was he who went to sleep elsewhere.

A few nights later, the bedroom to which he moved was bombed, and he was killed.

At the funeral, the wife, blaming herself, collapsed by the graveside!

ANOTHER B.B.C. FLOP

When announcing the wireless version of his newspaper feature, "Sitting on the Fence," as the potential follower of "Itma," the B.B.C. described Nathaniel Gubbins, in the "Radio Times," as "The world's greatest humorous writer."

Then, after putting Sally the Cat, the Nat Gubbins stomach and the rest of his weird characters on the air for only three weeks, the same B.B.C. suddenly stopped the series without saying one word.

"Every comic in the land will be



When Spain was the tyrant, Queen Elizabeth had 3,000 dresses: to-day Princess Elizabeth worries about one pair of gloves

listening in to-night," Stainless Stephen said to me on the afternoon of Nat's first broadcast.

Next day, I asked six of London's star comedians what they thought of it. Not one had tuned in!

And no one mentioned it to me! It must have been the B.B.C.'s worst flop!

SHOULD WE INVADE MARS?

I wonder if Lord Woolton, in calling for a return to the days of the old merchant adventurers so that our national fortunes can be re-established, realises how things have changed.

Before the war, a student of finance assures me, Britain possessed overseas investments worth £5,000,000,000, the accumulation of centuries of enterprise and trading.

In order to save ourselves we had to sell all those—and now we owe £3,000,000,000 overseas!

So Hitler, once the pet of many of our Big Business chiefs, has cost us £8,000,000,000!

It would want hundreds of merchant adventurers to get that back. Besides, to-day, the world's surface is all parcelled out!

THE COMEDY QUEEN

The most noteworthy of British overseas artists who has returned to Britain to perform to the troops is Bertie Lawrence, discovered in Andre Charlot revues, but now almost the brightest of Broadway's comedy stars.

When flying home, she boarded a Clipper at Bermuda with Ernest Hemingway, the burly and bearded author of "For Whom the Bell Tolls," carrying her bag.

"I'm the belle for whom he toils," joked Bertie to the aerodrome chief.

MORRISON IN THE TRAP

Ministers are not so complimentary—when you are critical!

When, recently, I met Ellen Wilkinson with Herbert Morrison, her chief, I deprecated something she had said about my industry by explaining that I worked incessantly to escape boredom, and that, really, I was almost the most easily bored man in the world.

"Yes, and sometimes your writings show it," put in the Home Secretary.

I wondered. . . . What had I been saying about Labour members of the Government?

It is hard to please men.

For instance, when Lord Latham, now Leader of the L.C.C., told me he thought the new Land Bill "the Great Betrayal," he was sitting in the County Hall room in which, in the early days of the war, I once saw Herbert Morrison dressing. It was then Herbert's bedroom—in case of air-raids.

Now Morrison, as a member of the War Cabinet, has had to vote for the Bill!

Swaffer Talking

WHAT'S SHE GOT THAT I WISH I HAD?



Never mind—perhaps tomorrow you'll get some

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LAST LAUGH

SUSIE (London).—"I have a working knowledge of the American language." O.K.

MASS (Taplow).—"Our boys returning after the war, hoping to marry, will demand more than homes fit for heroes to live in." Homes fit for Eros.

NATURALIST (Epping).—"I found a ten-shilling note in a hedge-sparrow's nest last week." Evidently the cuckoo is paying billeting money in advance?

L. B. (Elstree).—"I notice that an American film star has just become engaged to a man who was once a husband of hers." Yes, you need a really foolproof card-index system in Hollywood.

G. F. (Hendon).—"The latest fox-trot is called the 'Onion Glide.'" A case of dancing with tears in your eyes?

J. H. (Sheffield).—"The Germans, it is reported, are very concerned about the mysterious disappearance of a very important plan." Can it be the one they retire according to?

G. F. (Bath).—"I just live for the present." Well, we hope it will be a nice one when you do get it.

A. G. (Glasgow).—"If you give me a loan of £10 I shall be everlastingly indebted to you." That's what we are afraid of.

G. R. (Motherwell).—"Whistling strengthens the lungs." At that rate our office boy must be leather-lunged.

BERT (East End).—"A social club has been formed near here for weight-lifters, all-in wrestlers and heavy-weight boxers." It must be interesting to see members playing shove-ha'penny with manhole covers?

S. D. (Perth).—"I'm afraid some people do not appreciate the wide open spaces." Well, would you if you were a lecturer and your audience kept yawning?

S. N. (Yeovil).—"Goering, according to a neutral correspondent, although a big man, is very light on his feet." In fact, all that is heard on his approach is a steady tinkle of medals.

BOTANIST (Kew).—"A new flower is to be called 'Nythemthatquillatrisica.'" But not by us.

EX-DETECTIVE (Hitchin).—"The modern cat-burglar trades as hard as any athlete in order to keep fit." But even when good old Bill Sikes came across a rope of pearls he used to skip with it.

V. B. (Malvern).—"Hitler's life must now be a continual headache." And to end it he may suffer a pain in the neck.



OLD BILL: BY BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER
"Triplets, eh, Mrs. Haddock, what's their names?"
"Tungsten, Wolfram and Chrome"

Side-Slips

DAILY RECORD:—"First aid raid on Rome."

EVENING SENTINEL:—"PREMIER received Prime Minister in audience at Buckingham Palace to-day."

EDINBURGH EVENING NEWS:—"Eighth Army troops, supported by THANKS..."

DEWSBURY REPORTER:—"Half of a two-tier wedding cake, presented by Mrs. K. Grace..."

GLASGOW EVENING CITIZEN:—"...and only where he was PLAYING the lowest rate of qualifying allotment..."

LINCOLNSHIRE ECHO:—"Badger SHOPS are now on the menu."

SHEFFIELD TELEGRAPH:—"Saturday when more than 4,000 STORIES were flown."

EDINBURGH EVENING NEWS:—"Regarding houses built at West Piton, it was stated that 20 of them were ready for letting if they could get painters to PAINT them."

GREATEST OF THESE

Like so many other people, Richard Borrás has had his troubles multiplied by flying bombs. Recently he had to be discharged from hospital before an operation could take place as the building was blasted.

He returned home to find the street bombed and his own house badly damaged.

Borrás was a regular soldier discharged from the Army in 1919. His health was poor then, but it has become much worse in the last few years.

Now, without a pension, he has to live and support a wife and young son on £1 10s. a week, a guinea from the National Health Insurance and 9s. from his local slate club—and rent alone takes £1 0s. 5d.

Our representative has seen Mr. Borrás and is sure that his family deserves all the support you can give—as do the many other cases awaiting your help.

Donations to JOHN BULL'S War Sufferers' Fund* (address, Box 44, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, are pooled and fairly shared out. Please remember that we pay all administrative expenses and are very glad to acknowledge donations when names and addresses are sent—your anonymous gifts are just as welcome.

On request, we will forward full lists of current subscriptions.

*Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."



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Soon We Shall See—Britannia Rolling Reversing Too.
£2: Mrs. C. Campbell, 1, Bridge St., High Wycombe, Bucks.

Man In A Trap—Hitler? No—He's Best!
£2: W. D. Evans, 13, Church St., Treherbert, Glam.

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£2: A list of 30 winners of 5s. can be seen at these offices. 1,000 Merit Awards have been posted.

PRIZE-WINNING ANSWERS, X-WORDS AND LAUGH-LINES

To help readers of "Bulletin" and "Laugh-Lines" whose copies are delayed or fail to arrive through causes beyond "John Bull's" control, here are answers from issue dated Sat., July 22.

X-WORDS No. 355. WINNING WORDS:
1. FAUCES. 2. NURSE. 3. LURID. 4. CHIT.
5. FIGHT. 6. MOAN. 7. CATCH. 8. FEE. 9. HOME.
10. DRAL. 11. ROUND. 12. LEVITY. 13. LOAVE.
14. LOGA.
LAUGH-LINES No. 175. KEY LETTERS:
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SICKENING THUD from a recent
list. Upon that **Example** he built
his First Prize **Bullet**, SICKENING
THUD—EACH GRAIN, HITLER'S
HOUR-GLASS.

More winners for further
guidance await you in the latest
Bullets result on page 14.

ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS
to any "EXAMPLE" BELOW

MARCH OF THE ALLIES
WHEN WINSTON ARRIVED
WE HATE
THE RUSSIAN BEAR
SMASHING THROUGH
TOO OPTIMISTIC
MILITARY EXPERT
JOB TO BE DONE
SOMETHING STIRRING
TRIUMPHANT CONCLUSION
KEPT A SECRET
BOND OF FRIENDSHIP
THE MORNING AFTER
ALL THAT HAPPENED
NEW PROBLEM
AT BROADCASTING HOUSE

**RUDELY INTERRUPTED
FUSS ABOUT NOTHING
IN AUNTIE'S GARDEN
THINK OF THE FUTURE AND**

Six "Examples" below are for completion
with any ONE additional word of your
choice in the position indicated by dotted
line. Then make "Bullets" from them
as usual.

**LIVING IN
WHY THEY DON'T
TAKEN FOR
ASTONISHING
MEN OF
IF IT'S A**

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

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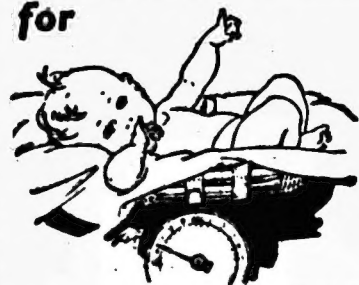
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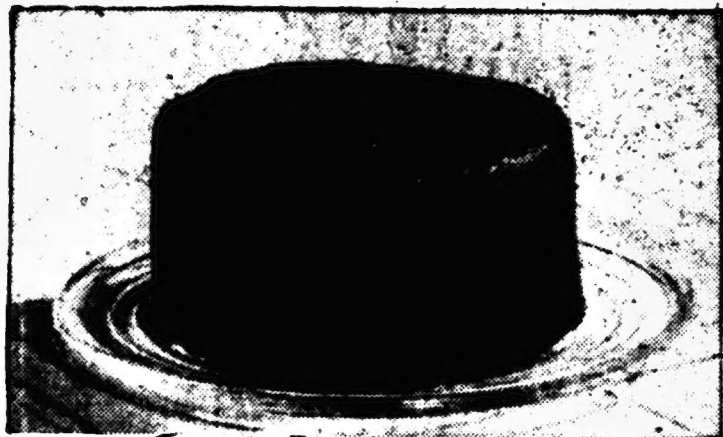
HEALTHY GAINS
for



YOUR BABY

Deep, peaceful, unbroken sleep
is vital to infant growth. When
baby is cross, fretful, sleepless,
those weekly ounces of gain do
not appear on the scales. Mother,
take care! Look to baby's
digestion.

The minute you see baby feverish,
constipated, suffering with wind, just
give a little 'Milk of Magnesia' brand
antacid. Soon comes pleasant relief.
'Milk of Magnesia' safely and surely
sweetens the sour little stomach,
regulates the tiny bowels, soothes
and calms baby. And with sourness
and sickness gone, with bowel move-
ments regular, you are overjoyed to
see restful, healthy sleep again. Baby
makes those steady gains in weight
that are the delight of every Mother.
Doctors and Nurses everywhere re-
commend 'Milk of Magnesia' as a
safe, ideal antacid and gentle laxa-
tive for babies. Be careful, Mother,
remember to ask for 'MILK of
MAGNESIA', which is the registered
trade mark of Phillips' preparation
of Magnesia. You can get it
everywhere.



COCOA
still unrationed

• Can be bought everywhere

- Costs only 9½d ½ lb tin
- Nourishing and satisfying
- Makes household milk taste delicious
- The food you never have to queue for

**CADBURY'S
BOURNVILLE COCOA**

How to make STEAMED CHOCOLATE CAKE

IN A SAUCEPAN. 1 breakfastcup Milk, 2 tablesp. Syrup, 2 oz. Margarine or Lard.

IN A BOWL. 1 breakfastcup Self-Raising Flour, 1½ tablesp. Sugar, 1 teasp. Bicarbonate of Soda, 2 tablesp. Cocoa.

Warm ingredients in saucepan, stirring them together. Meanwhile mix together ingredients in bowl, mix very thoroughly. See there aren't any lumps of bicarbonate left. Pour warm sauce out of pan into bowl and stir all together, adding a dessertspoonful of vinegar. Pour mixture into a greased cake tin, cover with greased paper and steam 1½ hours.

NOTE: Using a steamer, one small gas jet will cook cake & a steamed pudding at the same time, one above the other. It takes 1½ hours.

NO TIME LOST CLEANING WINDOWS

I POUR
WINDOLENE ON TO A
SOFT CLOTH—



SPREAD IT OVER
THE WHOLE WINDOW—
IT FORMS A WHITE FILM

LET IT DRY
A MOMENT—
GIVE A QUICK
POLISH—AND
THE GLASS
SPARKLES!



Busy housewife war-workers, who have to plan every minute of their day, can't afford to lose time cleaning windows the old bucket-and-water way. No wonder there's such a demand for Windolene. Windolene does away with hard rubbing—cleans in a jiffy. It removes grease and fly-marks, gives a rich, lasting gloss. Use it for mirrors and picture glass, too. From all grocers and ironmongers, 1/2 per bottle

Windolene
CLEANS WINDOWS EASILY

**NOT
TOO
OLD
AT
SIXTY**

I'D LOVE TO TAKE
A PART-TIME JOB,
EVEN IF I AM
TURNED SIXTY,
BUT SOME DAYS I
HAVEN'T A SPARE
MINUTE



YESTERDAY
I WAS ALL
MORNING
BOILING
THE WASH

DON'T
SAY YOU
STILL
BOIL THE
WASH!

OF COURSE I BUT YOU
CAN GET IT LOVELY
AND CLEAN,
WITHOUT
BOILING. LET
ME SHOW YOU
IT MUST
BE CLEAN
NEXT WEEK

LOOK—
MAKE SUDS
WITH RINSO
AND HOT WATER,
SOAK FOR 12
MINUTES ONLY,
WASH THROUGH
AND RINSE—
THAT'S ALL



BUT THEY'RE BRILLIANT!
IT'S A MARVEL!

JUST OFF TO MY
AFTERNOON JOB
AT THE FACTORY.
THANKS FOR
THAT TIP
ABOUT THE
NO-BOIL
WASH!

WEEKS LATER



RINSO is a No. 1 soap powder. 3½d. packet one coupon; 7d. packet, two coupons

R 3203-9

R. S. Hudson Limited

Partial
Eclipse



We used to pride ourselves that there was no part of Britain where you could not get Whiteway's Cyder. Now that is changed. Cyder, like many other things, is being zoned to save transport and labour. We can

send our cyder only to certain areas, and many people who for years have held Whiteway's in high esteem, must now be denied it until zoning ends. To the lucky ones in the Whiteway zones we extend our congratulations;

to those who must forgo their favourite cyder, we offer our sincere regrets.



**WHITEWAY'S
CYDER ZONED**

This is the correct price to pay for our Medium-Sweet or Dry Flagon Cyder.

RHEUMATISM

Answers which help to solve sufferer's problem

"It makes me feel very old, this Rheumatism. They tell me now that it may be caused by poisons absorbed from bad teeth or septic tonsils. But I know my teeth are all right—and there's nothing wrong with my tonsils either."

"In your case it may be that you are absorbing poisons which originate in material stagnating in the intestines."

"H'm, supposing that is my trouble, what do you recommend?"

"Recommend? Why, keep your bowels gently open. (Gently is important!) And help your kidneys filter away from your blood the poisons which may be causing the pain."

"How can I best do this?"

"Take Fynnon Salt! A dose of Fynnon, after it has passed through the stomach on its way down through your system, DIVIDES INTO TWO PARTS. Some of the dose is absorbed into the bloodstream so that it can help your kidneys. The rest enters the intestines and gently empties the bowel. A simple method of achieving results important to sufferers from almost any kind of RHEUMATISM, such as SCIATICA, NEURITIS, LUMBAGO and the like."

LARGE SIZE FYNNON SALT 1/6 (Including Purchase Tax)

Fynnon Ltd., Brentford, Middlesex

(529)



How to get a MACLEAN SHAVE

Just try the quick lathering properties of Macleans Shaving Cream and notice its soothing effects on your skin. See how economical it is, too. A very little Macleans gives you the easiest, smoothest shave you ever enjoyed.

- 1 Wet the beard thoroughly.
- 2 Put a little cream on chin with finger tip.
- 3 Lather with plenty of water on brush.



Do you both
need a change?

Well, first give your bike a much needed "change" by fitting Phillips replacement spares (obtainable from most Dealers). Then both of you—self and cycle—get out into the country and enjoy life. Let your Cycle's "good health" aid YOURS.

PHILLIPS
CYCLE FITMENTS